

THE LATHENÆUM

Journal of English and Foreign Literature, Science, and the Fine Arts.

No. 903.

LONDON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1845.

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UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the following CLASSICAL SUBJECTS have been selected for the Examination for MATRICULATION in this University in the year 1846: viz.

HOMER.—Odyssey, Book V.

CICERO.—Pro Plana.

By order of the Senate.

R. W. ROTHMAN, (Registrar.)

Somerses House, February 10th, 1845.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS, Trafalgar-square.

NOTICE is hereby given to the Members and Students, that Sir RICHARD WESTMACOTT, R.A., the Professor of Sculpture, will deliver his FIRST LECTURE on MONDAY EVENING NEXT, the 17th instant, at Eight o'clock, and his succeeding Lectures on the five following Mondays.

HENRY HOWARD, R.A., Sec.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS, Trafalgar-square.

NOTICE is hereby given to the Members and Students, that the FIRST LECTURE on PAINTING will be delivered on THURSDAY EVENING NEXT, the 20th instant, at Eight o'clock, and the succeeding Lectures on the five following Thursdays.

HENRY HOWARD, R.A., Sec.

COLLEGE OF CHEMISTRY.—At a Meeting

of the Provisional Council of the College of Chemistry, held on Tuesday, the 14th instant.

The MARQUIS OF DOWNSHIRE in the Chair.—A Committee was appointed to consider the Institution and progress of the Laboratory, and for other purposes connected therewith. Prospectuses and full particulars may be obtained at the Office, No. 7, St. Martin's-place, Trafalgar-square, London.

A List of Subscriptions will shortly be published.

JOHN GARDNER, M.D., Provisional Secretary.

ART-UNION OF LONDON.—By authority of

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GEORGE GODWIN, } Hon. Secretaries.
LEWIS ROCCO, }

4, Trafalgar-square, January 22nd, 1845.

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Mr. Bernal's History of 'Open Fires, Hypocausts, German, Dutch, Russian, and Swedish Stoves, Steam, Hot Water, Heated Air, Heat of Animals, and other methods of warming and ventilating,' besides being needful to the Englishman's library, is a book singularly comfortable to his sympathies; and the reader, whether architectural or anecdotal, scientific or simply sociable, cannot do better than send for it, stir his fire, and fall to, at once, on its pleasant pages. So pleasant are they,—so clear of that dryness, which as all lovers of the snug and comfortable know, is destructive of easy respiration—that we shall first glance over them for a chimney-corner gossip, leaving more scientific review for a future opportunity.

The author begins by a few general remarks on the influence of heat on the human animal. Compare the Lapps and the denizens of the Torrid Zone! the former how "stunted, squat, large-headed, fish-featured, short-limbed, and stiff-jointed!" the latter "high-statured and finely shaped!" Next he treats us to a comparison, by Arbuthnot, of dialects. The speech of those frozen by Arctic snows is full of consonants—a wide opening of the mouth being of necessity disagreeable when an ice-breath is sure to bolt in:—whereas "the inhabitants of warmer climates," for contrary reasons, have "formed a softer language and one abounding in vowels." These terrible inequalities, however, could not be tolerated without mitigation. So soon as human reason began to awaken, Dress became, at once, a subject of meditation—the irregularities of climate were to be built out by a wall of furs and a thatch of bulrushes. The Australian Aborigines—to quote from Mrs. Meredith,—are rather poetical than savage after all, in calling clothes, pockets, cases of all kinds, even down to the sheath of the knife, *houses*. We find universally, that where personal clothing is scanty and the climate severe, the savage will "wrap himself round with a cloak" not of sleep, but of a hot, steamy atmosphere—the Lapp aforesaid with the halo of his train-oil lamp, not to mention less fragrant exhalations. The modern Scot, Mr. Bernal assures us, on Laing's authority, has the same inclination:—while the Milesian's smoke garment, gratefully extended over Patrick's rent-payer, the Pig, as well as himself, is as well known a characteristic as the shamrock or the shillelagh. The Persians sit round a large pan, "filled with wood, dung, or other combustible"—the heat of which is confined underneath a wadded quilt,—a sedentary plan of generating and retaining caloric, especially commendable to smokers, coffee-drinkers, and those addicted to the lazy pastime of storytelling. "At Archangel, at Moscow, at Nankin, and at Grand Cairo," the family *roots*, (not to speak irreverently) on the top of the oven!

"These examples," concludes our author, "will be sufficient to show the need of artificial heat for personal comfort, under the most opposite conditions of climate, as well as the sacrifices of enjoyment and health that are everywhere made to obtain it. When, therefore, the Laplanders and other inhabitants of arctic regions, are observed passing three-fourths of their time in hot, contaminated, factitious atmosphere, and Swedes, Poles, Russians, and the natives of more southerly countries spending half their lives in closed rooms, kept at the temperature of summer, it is clear that artificial heat must have a

great effect in producing the general result that is usually ascribed solely to the operation of natural climate. Accordingly, it is found, that as firing is scarce, or abounds in a particular territory, or as it is cheap, or high-priced, and more or less skilfully managed, the natives exhibit mental and bodily peculiarities as if they were inhabitants of opposite geographical climates."

The necessity of heat having been proved, and illustrated by the above examples, Essay (or chapter) the second treats on the origin of Fire. For as all observers of primitive life know, animals, quadruped and biped too, have from time immemorial indulged in the cozy habits of burrowing in earth, wrapping up in skins, and huddling close together, long ere flint and steel were dreamed of. When Magellan visited the Marian Islands, in 1521, the natives shrunk with terror from fire, as a "terrible animal." The elder traditions of the thunder-bolt Forger, and their consequences in establishing a Divinity, arguing alike ignorance and mystery, need only be glanced at. The Egyptians, says Mr. Bernal, were among the first (to judge from their buildings,) who began to pay daily and practical homage to temperature. They made them doors and window-lattices; they knew the privileges of that respectable utensil, the Bellows, even before it was discovered by Anacharsis the Scythian. They had oil lamp illuminations: forming always a brilliant feature in their religious ceremonies. Our author allows himself to fancy an ancient sitting-room at Thebes to be, perhaps, as cheerless—in other words, about as comfortable as the apartments in Grand Cairo, which Mr. Lane describes—dully lighted by a candle or two, and warmed by a *muncud*, or chafing-dish of tinned copper.

It appears that the Hebrews were well acquainted with the uses and comforts of Fire—the servant. "The roll of Baruch," Mr. Bernal ingeniously reminds us, was burnt by King Jehoiakim on the hearth of his winter-house, though whether "*ha-ach*" (the original word) means hearth, (implying a chimney) "brazier" or "andiron" even commentators have not wholly agreed. "The great improvement," continues our author, "that chimneys would have made on Mount Zion itself, is graphically described by Baruch, when he notices 'the faces that were blacked by the smoke that cometh out of the temple.'"

Then we come to the notices of fire and perfumes among the Greeks—for with the art of warming, that of ventilating is, of course, connected past the possibility of divorce. Homer (for what is there which we do not find in Homer?) is drawn upon, for the glowing embers of the brazier in the palace of Ulysses—Herodotus cited in substantiation of the chimneys of the Tauri. Aristophanes yields a whimsical illustration that there is nothing new under the sun, and that Hood's economical fact, "that a chimney will smoke when there is a journeyman baker up it," was known to the *Harpagons* and *Dr. Bartolos* and *Volpones* of antique comedy! Here, we encounter the first traces of incenses and odours used as correctives to bad air. In Essay the third all these "means and appliances" are shown as having undergone development among the Romans. "What to do with your smoke?" was already a popular inquiry in the time of Vitruvius—who advises, that delicate colours should not be used in cornices, because they are liable to be blackened: and in another treatise, enters on that never-ending puzzle (which however Dr. Arnott has brought many steps nearer its solution,) "How to build your stove!" Sixty years later, Seneca treats the *hypocaust* as "employed for heating domestic apartments." The glazed window,—first of talc, then of glass,—came in, it appears, much about the same

period. Then, too, the newly-found apparatus was largely applied to the Bath. On this part of his subject, and the traces thereof to be found among the Italian ruins, Mr. Bernal is instructively minute, beyond our power to follow him. His text, too, is lavishly illustrated by diagrams.

Fire, light, air, and perfume, then, it seems, followed the Cyffrawd, to adopt the ingenious crotchet of our correspondent Mr. Price, [ante, No. 894.] as surely as the other ministers of Intelligence and Civilization. When the Romans landed on our shores, our north-country gentlemen were wont to warm themselves "by continuing whole days up to the chin in bogs without food." Pennant believes it is true that we burnt coals—"calling the fossil *glo*"—before the invasion of the Romans,—Whitaker assumes as much—but whether traces of the hearth anterior to those found in the Roman remains of England exist, is a mysterious question, which we beg to have the honour of recommending to Messrs. the Antiquaries. At best, however, and when, in some sort, smoothed and civilized by the introduction of Roman inventions, an Anglo-Saxon village was a rough thing, since for many a day glass seems to have been a high luxury, reserved for ecclesiastical edifices:—the Thane, according to Hollinshed, taking his observations of men and manners in the outer world through lattices or the clear medium of a panel of horn. As years went on, and our ancestors waxed delicate and sumptuous, tapestries were put up to keep out draughts; and by the time that Connisborough Castle was built they had so far got beyond the barbarism of the foot-bearer, who warmed in his bosom the feet of the Welsh chief as the latter sate at meat, that a regular fire-place was constructed, with three pillars on each side, and a mantel-shelf above. The chosen resort of rest, comfort and news was properly thought worthy the honour of ornament.

To proceed, passing a few pages thickly crammed with curious notices:—

"About the end of the twelfth century a notice of coal first appears as an article of traffic, and as a staple element in the social comfort of our own country. In the *Leges Burgorum*, enacted at Newcastle about 1140, the especial privilege of not being distrained but for their own debts, is granted in Scotland to the bringers of fuel, which is described to be 'wood, turves, and peits.' With respect to coal there is a complete silence, from which it has been somewhat hastily concluded, that though coal must have been known, it was not used as fuel. The first legal notice we have of this mineral is a grant, made in the reign of William the Lion, by William de Veteraponte, to the monks of Holyrood, of a 'tenth of his coal at Cariden;' and in the Charters of Newbottle, there is a grant in 1189 to the monks by De Quincey, Constable of Scotland, of the coal between Whiteside and Pinkie, which is also confirmed by King William. In 1239, Henry III., granted a charter to the inhabitants of Newcastle to dig for coal, which is the first legal mention of the fuel in England."

Essay the fourth winds up with an amusing and carefully executed summary of the comfort, with all these introductions and improvements, enjoyed by our ancestors. The catalogue is enough to give the stoutest twinges, in these days of rheumatism, and to make the least fastidious qualmish, now that the uses of sewers, whitewash, and the fresh breath of heaven, are no longer rarities.

But if the Hearth be English—what are we to make of the Chimney? Absolutely it appears from Mr. Bernal's book, that we are possibly obliged for this needful appendage to the crafty Italians! Those picturesque creatures that bristle the houses by canal and calle side in Venice, known to every lover of Canaletto and Prout, are the far-away descendants of the *Camini*, thrown down by the earthquake in 1347, the fall whereof is commemorated in a

legend placed over the gate of the Scuola of Santa Maria della Carità. Then Padua *la dotta* boasted her chimneys before 1368—since it appears that the fashion of those erections was brought by Francesco da Carraro, from St. Antony's town to St. Peter's city. Yet, somewhat inconsistently, after the above notices, Mr. Bernan (whose arrangement of facts generally, we take leave to observe, might be improved) points to the chimneys of Kenilworth and Conway, as far more ancient than these *fumajuoli* of Northern Italy. He goes on to remark how prodigiously fast the promotion of warmth and ventilation, by luxuries of architectural decoration, furniture, and dress, advanced:—

"Warmth in clothing and in bed was particularly attended to; down beds, blankets, and sheets, were highly prized articles; and in imitation of the Italian taste, the bedstead was an object on which much decoration was lavished. It was sometimes, although a musty practice, made a sort of safe for money and other valuables, and was moved from town to country as the great personage moved himself. The high value set on comfort in nocturnal climate is amusingly exhibited in the formality with which bed and bedding are bequeathed by persons of rank and wealth to members of their family;* at a time when mattresses, sheets, blankets, and counterpanes, were furnished to the Alms-houses of the Guild of St. Giles, at Lynn, in Norfolk,† and were common among the middle classes. The inventory of the effects of John Glynn, of Morval, in Cornwall, who was murdered in 1471, shows a profusion of household conveniences—sheets, blankets, coverlets, mattresses, featherbeds, andirons, and other furnishings of the hearth and kitchen. In fact, not a castle of the proudest baron in the land could show more of the materials of domestic comfort than the house of this small landholder and trader, at the extreme point of the island. Large houses begin now to exhibit a greater variety of fire-side furniture. The inventory of Sir John Falstofs's effects, in 1459, shows in one room—Item j aundiron; Item, j firepanne; Item, j payre of tongs; and in the same document we are delighted with an entry—Item, j payre of bellwes in Mrs. own chamber. Charcoal and wood were the general fuel. In the Liber Niger, of Edward IV., 'cooles' and wood are only mentioned; and in the Household Book of George, Duke of Clarence, under the date of 1469, 'viij s. by the day, is allowed for woode and coole from Allhalowetide unto Estry, as well from Estry unto Allhalowetide, by the day v s. and viij d., or 106l. 9s. 4d. by the year,' which is a very large sum for this article when the value of money is taken into consideration, and the abundance of wood that prevailed in England. He gives 'iiij s. iiij d. for 30 burdens of rishes.'"

Yet the odd admixture of barbarism and economy with all these comforts is curious:—

"At Alnwick Castle in Northumberland, when the earl removed to another house, the glazed sashes were taken out of the window frames, and laid carelessly by, in case they should be broken by the winds or other accidents, until 'my Lord' again visited his mansion. How the wind and rain were excluded after their removal does not appear: the arras and other furniture of household, and kitchen utensils, were carried to that house where the great man meant to sojourn, and his bedding also followed him."

* "Richard Earl of Arundel, beheaded in 1392, bequeaths to 'my son Richard a standing bed called "clove," also a blue bed of silke, which is generally at Rygate. To my daughter Charlotte my bed of red silke, which is generally at Rygate. To my daughter Marialah my blue bed, usually in London.' Nicolas, Testamenta Vetusta, vol. i. p. 133.—Edward, Duke of York, the restless and infamous, who describes himself of all sinners the most wicked, bequeaths to 'my dear wife Philippa my bed of feathers and leopards, with the furniture appertaining to the same.' Anno 1415. Ibid. vol. i. p. 187.—Katherine Lady Hastings bequeaths, 'To my son George a goode fether bedde, a bolster, a paire of blankets, a payre of fustians, and a payre of fine shietes. I will that Cecilie (Marquess of Dorset) have my bedde of arras, tissor, testor, and counterpane, which she late borrowed of me.' Anno 1503. Ibid. vol. ii. p. 454.

† Richards Hist. of Lynn, p. 434. The inhabitants of the borough were so prone, about 1480, to walk barefooted that 'to prevent the Guild Brethren coming before the Aldermen without shoes and stockings, a rule is made to fine the offenders fourpence to be spent in alms.'"

The "gregarious" mode of administering accommodation, of which we have so sublime an example in the Great Bed of Ware, is another trait of the times not to be lost sight of by the comparative observer. There is nothing like the twenty-six butchers and their wives—who were there tucked up for the night in one and the same edifice (for who dare call such a four-poster by the frivolous appellation of "a piece of furniture"?—even in the rough and ready annals of life in the wilds, and life in the West, so amusingly described by Mistress Mary Clavers, and other sketchers of Transatlantic oddities and discomforts.

Bringing up the history of warmth and ventilation in Scotland, we come upon those peat fires, forming one of the more aromatic odours which comfort the nose of the pilgrim in the North. Coal, however, was there given away in alms, to the people who begged at the church doors in the fifteenth century. But, both north and south of the Tyne, coals were rare and hearths few for many centuries,—nor were the latter over delicately tended. If we even peep into the kitchen of bluff King Hal's palace of Eltham, we shall run a chance of being beaten back by a noisome and natural heat, befitting the Lapp wigwams we spoke of before, or a Hottentot kraal, rather than the chamber of good cheer and service in a royal palace. The regulations issued by the monarch provided, that the scullions shall not go about their work *in puris*! "nor lye in the nights and dayes in the kitchen or grounde by the fire side." Our despotic King, to whom bad air seems to have been especially objectionable, was nevertheless somewhat of an economist, in paring down the estimates of his laundress "for sweete powder, sweete herbes, and other sweete things" to lay about among his linen—and not superfluously called for in the chamber of dais, if such was the atmosphere of life below stairs! We can hardly do better, though the passage is somewhat long, than quote the close of this chapter; as showing how the hearth was decked at the decease of King Henry, and how was aired and

—garnished
The drawing-room of fierce Queen Mary.

"At the close of the reign of Henry VIII. domestic convenience and comfort had made a little progress. The rooms in the houses of the upper classes were built capacious and lightsome, and the ceilings were often plastered, or formed of boards. Halls, and parlours, and the chief sleeping chambers, were, as in bygone times, hung with tapestry; or they were lined in a manner recently introduced, with boards of a foreign kind of oak called wainscot. In houses of the inferior gentry and wealthy tradesmen, parlours and the best bed-rooms were hung with arras, or with a kind of painted or sized cloth, made in imitation of it. Stamped or painted leather imported from Flanders was also latterly introduced as a wall lining. The doors were clumsily made and fitted, but well hinged, for Sir Thomas More says those of London would follow the least drawing of a finger: locks were rare, and internal doors opened with a latch and string. Boarded floors in halls and parlours were becoming common. Rushes and straw, however, still covered and polluted their surface. The beds of the better classes were sumptuous and comfortable. Mattresses were used, but sometimes, to receive the bed, loose straw was spread on the sacking. The order for making the royal savage's own lair, says, 'A yoman with a dagger is to sencer the strawe of the kynges bedde that there be none untreuth therein—the bedde of downe to be cast upon that.' The lower classes were contented with straw alone; but, as appears from Holinshead's account, more from an ignorant contempt for a pleasant bed, and a soft pillow, than from lack of means to obtain the indulgence. The windows had curtains, and were glazed in the manner described by Erasmus; but in inferior dwellings, such as those of copyholders and the like, the light-holes were filled with linen, or with a shutter. The hearth recess was generally wide, high, and deep,

and had a large flue. The hearth, usually raised a few inches above the floor, had sometimes a halpas or dais made before it, as in the king's and queen's chambers in the Tower. Before the hearth recess, or on the halpas, when there was one, a piece of green cloth, or tapestry was spread, as a substitute for the rushes that covered the lower part of the floor. On this were placed a very high-backed chair or two, and footstools, that sometimes had cushions, and above all high-backed forms, and screens, both most admirable inventions for neutralizing draughts of cold air in these dank and chilling apartments. Andirons, fire-forks, fire-pans, and tongs, were the implements to supply and arrange the fuel. Hearth recesses with flues were common in the principal chambers of houses of persons of condition; and were superseding what Aubrey calls flues, like loover holes, in the habitations of all classes. The adage that 'one good fire heats the whole house,' was found true only in the humbler dwellings; for in palace and mansion, though great fires blazed in the presence chamber, or hall, or parlour, the domestics were literally famishing with cold. This discomfort did not, however, proceed from selfish or stingy housekeeping, but rather from an affectation of hardihood, particularly among the lower classes, when effeminacy was reckoned a reproach. Besides, few could know what comfort really was, but those who did, valued it highly. Sanders relates that Henry VIII. gave the revenues of a convent, which he had confiscated, to a person who placed a chair for him commodiously before the fire and out of all draughts. Domestics and workpeople too were well fed. The Spaniards who came to England in Queen Mary's time, wondered when they saw the large diet used by the inmates of the most homely looking cottages. 'The English, they said, made their houses of sticks and dirt, but they fare as well as the king; whereby it appeareth, says Harrison, that they liked better of our good fare in such coarse cabins, than of their own thin diet in their princelike habitations and palaces.' With beef and bread for breakfast and dinner, and something heartening for supper, consolidated with plenty of good ale, their organic heat was not diminished from lack of its proper fuel, which certainly was a prodigious alleviation of the fireside privation in wintry weather. All classes, moreover, adopted a judicious system of clothing. The flannel in general use, the wadded petticoats and worsted stuffs and broadened silks, so thick as almost to stand alone, for gowns, were much better calculated to resist cold and damp than the cobweb fabrics worn by modern females; and the men's clothes were of a more substantial texture, and made much fuller than the scanty modern corresponding garments of thin superfine broad cloth. The thick woollen dresses of the monks also were well contrived for preserving a comfortable portable climate. No part but the face was exposed to the external air, and this was protected by the cowl, so that they were always defended from currents of cold air in the cloisters and vaulted aisles of the now desolate monastic edifices. But nothing was done to improve the air in such places as the courts, galleries, and rooms, in the unpleasant palace at Eltham, or in Wolsey's presence chamber, or in the houses that excited the disgust of Erasmus. The fatal effects of imperfect ventilation, and careless domestic habits, were seen in the deplorable waste of life by the sweating sickness in every town and district of the kingdom; and it continued its ravages among them even when in other countries. On one occasion the sweating sickness broke out in Havre de Grace, and so horrible was the mortality, says Davila, that in a few days it consumed the greatest part of the English army. Instead of removing some of the causes that aggravated this disease, fumigation was practised universally, as having sovereign efficacy to avert infection; chamber windows were kept shut and opened only when the sun shone with vigour, and every morning the house was perfumed with *lav* and angelica seeds, or some other aromatics, burned in a perfuming pan; flowers and sweet herbs were distributed throughout the house, particularly in bed-rooms, that the inmates 'might be comforted, cherished, revived, and refreshed, with sweete odours,' which along with drinking of pure good wine, were thought the best means of preventing their falling into the languishing extremity of this perilous disease."

In the next Essay (the sixth) the author

"taps" the interesting question of Palladian edifices abroad and Tudor houses at home. The last he somewhat unkindly abuses "as better adapted for aviaries than for protection from a cold, humid, variable climate like that of England"—quoting in support of his criticism, no less a person than Lord Bacon. Perhaps our love of the picturesque, including our admiration for the richly-twisted, netted, pillared, foliated, and clustered chimneys of these maligned mansions, might lead us into the nonsense of controversy, and into treason against fires of our time "that draw," and corridors which are not scoured and searched by Winter's wind. We shall do more wisely, therefore to stop; an opportunity being given, by the commencement of an era which is, in some sort, linked with modern times.

Caledonia Romana: a Descriptive Account of the Roman Antiquities of Scotland; preceded by an Introductory View of the Aspect of the Country, and the State of its Inhabitants in the first Century of the Christian Era, &c. &c. Edinburgh, Bell & Bradfute; London, Pickering.

The traces of Roman domination in Scotland, although not equal in historical importance to those in England, are not without interest. They consist of remains of towns, seldom, however, indicated by more than foundation walls, broken pottery, and a few coins; of military stations, many of which exist to the present day in a very perfect state; of military ways, portions of which also exist almost as perfect as sixteen centuries ago; and chiefly that "boundary line of ancient civilization—preserving in its numerous relics an interesting memorial of those times when the legions of Italy were assembled there to oppose the daring hostility of the Caledonian Britons"—the wall of Antoninus Pius. In pilgrimage among these remains Mr. Stuart has wandered, taking down the various objects of antiquarian interest, and giving minute descriptions.

The greater portion of Scotland, at the time of Agricola, was morass and forests, and within the latter the rude inhabitants dwelt, subsisting chiefly by the chase, although in some instances they possessed herds. From the guerilla system of warfare which they maintained, the Roman legions found them no contemptible adversaries, nor, although so rude, were they wholly without military defences. Some vestiges of these still exist, "known by the name of Hill Forts, within which it is supposed the early Briton kept his 'watch and ward,' long before it became his employment to observe the motions of a Roman army."

"The Hill Forts may, properly speaking, be divided into several classes, according to size, strength, and method of construction. The first in importance are those which have been erected in positions naturally strong, and on which the greatest labour has been bestowed; such, for instance, amongst some others, are the entrenchments Barra Hill, Aberdeenshire, and the two extraordinary posts in the county of Forfar, which are known by the name of the Caterhuns. The white Caterhun is defended by a wall of loose stones, measuring 100 feet thick at the base, and 25 feet across the top. Next to those may be placed the common circular camps, so often to be met with among the 'braes of Galloway,' on the Lammemoor hills, and in various other quarters. These are generally of from three to four hundred feet in diameter, and are surrounded by simple ramparts of earth, or of earth and stones conjoined; but, in some instances, even in points of second-rate importance, the walls are almost entirely composed of dry stone-work. Of a somewhat similar description, but much smaller in size, are the native *castella*, as they may be called, or lesser places of strength, apparently used by the Britons as points of observa-

tion from which to watch the movements of their enemies. They are frequently formed of stone, and many of their vestiges may yet be seen in different quarters—as, for example, along the vale of Menteith, or on the southern slope of the Kilsyth and Campsie hills—in a *vis-à-vis* position to the Roman forts on the wall of Antoninus. * * Amongst the other native retreats of very remote antiquity, may perhaps be placed the Vitrified Forts, which seem closely to resemble many of the ordinary defensive inclosures; with this exception, that, in the former case, the exterior face of the ramparts have been melted into a solid mass, by the action of fire. Accident no doubt imparted to their builders this most enduring method of consolidating the irregular stonework of which these walls are composed, and the means adopted by them to effect their object may be easily conceived, when it is understood that they had discovered the vitrifying properties of more than one particular mineral. Having completed the labour of building up the rampart, they probably piled around it the trunks and branches of trees gathered from the surrounding forest, and, after setting them on fire, permitted the blazing element to finish the task. Some have doubted the fact of the vitrified forts having been the work of human hands, ascribing their origin to volcanic action; but this idea seems completely set at rest by referring to the actual appearance of these singular remains, where regular places of entrance may generally be seen; in some instances, the serial traverses which guarded them appear almost intact."

The Roman remains in Scotland, Mr. Stuart thinks must principally be assigned to the second century. The camps, which are first noticed, seem mostly to be in excellent preservation. In their immediate neighbourhoods many native altars have been discovered, with characteristic inscriptions to the deities of the fields, the nymphs of the woods, and one to the "*Deæ Matres*,"—divinities unknown to Rome, but worshipped among the northern nations—all proving with what awe the Roman legions advanced into this wild and unknown district. Of the palaces and amphitheatres which are often found in the vicinity of the Roman stations, no remains are to be met with in Scotland. One or two instances of Roman villas and a bath of elaborate construction have however been found. Unfortunately, one solitary specimen of Roman masonry, of most curious construction, and believed to be unique, was destroyed but a hundred years since. This was "Arthur's Oon," situated near the Roman station known in later days by the name, so closely connected with old romance, of Camelot:—

"This building was of a circular form, its shape in some measure resembling that of a common bee-hive. It measured at the base from twenty-nine to thirty yards in circumference, and continued of the same dimensions to the height of eight feet, from which point it converged gradually inwards in its ascent, till, at an elevation of twenty-two feet, the walls terminated in a circle, leaving in the top of the dome a round opening twelve feet in diameter. On its western side was an arched doorway, nine feet in extreme height, and above it an aperture resembling a window, of a slightly triangular form, three feet in height, and averaging nearly the same in width. The whole was formed of hewn freestone, laid in regular horizontal courses, the first of them resting upon a thick massive basement of the same material, which, to follow out the simile, represented with curious fidelity the common circular board on which the cottage hive is usually placed. The interior of the structure corresponded with its general appearance from without; the only difference being in the concavity of the shape, and in its having two projecting stone cornices round its interior surface, the one at a height of four and the other of six feet from the ground. The style of the workmanship was singularly perfect, and showed an intimate acquaintance with masonic art. No cement of any description had been made use of in its construction, yet the stones were so accurately joined together, that even the difficult process of forming so diminutive a cupola by the concentration of horizontal courses, was accom-

plished there in the most skilful and enduring manner. The name 'Arthur's Oon' has generally been looked upon as a vulgar corruption of 'Arthur's Oven.' Possibly enough, however, the word *Oon* may be no other than the Pictish term for a house or dwelling, as we find that the words *Pict-Oon* denoted the Picts' dwelling place or settlement.—v. Governor Powall's *Provincia Romana* of Gaul, p. 36. The prefix 'Arthur' may probably be a corruption of some Celtic word. In a communication with which we have been favoured, through the medium of a friend, from the learned author of the 'Gael and Cimbrii,' Sir William Betham, it is suggested that the name 'Arthur's Oon' is probably derived from the old Gaelic words *Art*, a house, and *Oon*, solitary—meaning a retired dwelling or hermitage."

This building seems to have been noticed from a very early period, Nennius, the earliest, excepting Gildas, of our British historians, having described it. He also assigned its erection to the usurper Carausius, who assumed the purple in the year 284; and this Mr. Stuart considers to be most likely, and also that this curious structure was probably a *seculum*, or small temple.

Never perhaps, as we have on former occasions remarked, did a powerful and highly-civilized nation subjugate, and then colonize a country for the long space of full four centuries—a period of twelve generations,—and yet leave so few traces behind as the Romans. It is vain to point to camps, and roads, and statues, and tessellated pavements—these are "of the earth, earthy," mere proofs of mechanical skill and physical power. But what tradition, either in the mountains of Wales or in the farthest Highlands, lingers to tell of the world-subduing Romans who chased the natives thither? A host of British heroes have their legends still true to Celtic usages and Celtic superstitions, though handed down through so many centuries; the rude followers of Hengist have given us laws, and a language: but what, save enslaving one portion of the scanty population of ancient Britain, and driving the other to their native forests, did Roman power effect?

Mr. Stuart, in the course of his descriptions, frequently remarks, how completely the very name of the Romans has passed from the minds of the Scottish peasantry. The curious camps, and the roads, so substantial and massive, are viewed by them as the work of that great wizard Michael Scott, if not of the arch-fiend himself.

An account of the wall of Antoninus Pius is given with great minuteness, and with descriptions of the various antiquities which have been found near it. We extract the following description:—

"This great military work consisted, in the first place, of an immense fosse or ditch—averaging about forty feet in width by some twenty in depth—which extended over hill and plain, in one unbroken line, from sea to sea. Behind this ditch, on its southern side, and within a few feet of its edge, was raised a rampart of intermingled stone and earth, strengthened by sods of turf; which measured, it is supposed, about twenty feet in height, and twenty-four in thickness at the base. This rampart or *agger* was surmounted by a parapet, behind which ran a level platform, for the accommodation of its defenders. To the southward of the whole was situated the Military Way—a regular causewayed road, about twenty feet wide—which kept by the course of the wall at irregular distances, approaching in some places to within a few yards, and in others receding to a considerable extent. Along the entire line from West Kilpatrick to Carriden, there were established, it is believed, nineteen principal stations or forts; we cannot be quite certain of the number, because, towards the east end of the wall, the traces of their existence have, for two centuries at least, been either very indistinct or entirely obliterated. Calculating by those whose remains have been plainly perceptible, the mean distance between each may be stated

at rather more than two English miles. Along these intervals were placed many smaller *castella* or watch-towers, of which only some two or three could be observed in the year 1755. While the continuous rampart seems to have been little more than a well-formed earthen mound, it is probable that many, if not all of the stations, were either rivetted with stone or entirely built of that material. In some places it would even appear that the *vallum* itself had been raised upon a stone foundation—probably in situations where the ground was low and marshy, and where it was necessary to form drains beneath the works, to prevent the accumulation of water on their interior side."

Some writers have supposed that the ditch, or trench, constituted the chief strength; and this is certainly corroborated by the following extract, which also shows how unable the Romans were to impose a lasting name even on their mightiest works:—

"From that period, when all distinct recollection of the Roman name had been extinguished among the various races of men who here became conquerors in their turn, the far-extending vestiges of the ancient *Vallum* have, no doubt, been often the source of much curiosity and wonder to the people of the districts through which it passed; but when everything else connected with its original history had been forgotten, the name by which it was known to the early Gael appears to have still survived; and survives, we believe, to the present day, although in a corrupted form, among the inhabitants who reside in the vicinity of its track. To the 'Roman Wall,' the majority of them will be found absolute strangers; but ask the ploughman at his team to indicate the position of *Graham's Dyke*, and you at once find him upon well-known ground. There is an apocryphal story told, by the historian Buchanan and others, respecting an ancestor of the 'gallant Grahams,' who broke with his followers through the Roman defences, and left his name to be handed down to posterity indissolubly connected with the works which he overthrew. Many a highland chieftain of old may certainly have gloried in such a deed; but we must look to a far earlier period, we suspect, for the actual origin of the term, than belongs even to the most distant annals of our clannish nomenclature. Not a few authors have been at a loss to account for the application of such a name to the rampart of Antonine—nor, so long as they held by their Saxon partialities, was this at all surprising; but whenever we retreat, as it were, upon the language of the aboriginal *Celtae*—the men who beheld the mighty barrier in its pristine strength—the explanation becomes easy, and every difficulty may be said to vanish. The appellation of 'Graham's Dyke' appears, in short, to be simply a corruption of the Gaelic words *grym*, strength—or *grein*, a place of strength—and *ding*, a trench or rampart; *grein ding*, therefore, signifies the 'strong entrenchment.'"

Some curious sculptured slabs of freestone have been discovered near this wall; on some of which the Caledonian boar, with bristling mane and tremendous tusks, figures, and on another a nondescript animal, if it be not, as Mr. Stuart remarks, a compound of the wild goat and the seal. A third is curious, bearing an eagle perched upon this nondescript animal, while a captive is placed below—an emblem most probably of the triumph of Rome over "the unconquered, though often defeated, Caledonians." A votive altar inscribed "To the Eternal Field Deities of Britain, Quintus Pisenius Justus, Præfect of the Fourth Cohort of the Gaulish Auxiliaries—his vow being most willingly fulfilled," seems vividly to picture the joy of the Roman legions at having arrived at the ultimate boundary of their conquests. All the remains found along the line of this wall, and they are numerous, are, however, of very inferior execution. This may have been, in some measure, owing to the rudeness of the material, but much more to the inferiority of the sculptor. Still, these remains are more interesting than many finer specimens, for they tell of the hopes and fears,—of the superstitions, too,—of the men who

directed their erection. This work will prove interesting to the Scottish antiquary; and Mr. Stuart deserves the thanks of all those who are anxious that the relics of past ages should be preserved from oblivion.

Look to the End; or, The Bennets Abroad. By Mrs. Ellis. 2 vols. Fisher.

THERE can be no question that Mrs. Ellis is a popular authoress, when we encounter advertisements of her works at their *fourteenth* edition. We shall not examine how far hers may be a sectarian, how far a general, popularity; intending, on the present occasion, to confine our observations to one of its consequences—her vast importance, in her own eyes, as a teacher and a moralist. Far be it from us, by word, look, or sign, to discredit the idea of responsibility in literature; the easiest sportings of the pen, are worth little unless they have some meaning which brings them into harmony with more momentous efforts. But the companion of Responsibility should be Humility. When a writer feels himself the centre of a wide sphere of influence, it should be no light matter how he will treat this or the other question. He should weigh and wait, rather than rush forward with instructions tabulated, and wisdom in packets ready made up for every class of customers. He should rein in, rather than cheer on his enthusiasm,—mistrusting the soundness of his own conclusions in proportion as he is eager to utter them. He should avoid class phrases and party watchwords—and viewing deliberately the vast diversities of human opinion and human enterprise, should at least try to place himself on the side of his antagonists however ignorant or prejudiced; since only by feeling the force of their objections, may he deal with them conclusively. Of this Mrs. Ellis has hitherto shown no signs. She has taken the side of those who see in the world and the world's ways nothing but peril and loss—who anathematize, by wholesale, systems and social habits of which they have never had an opportunity of judging. In some points of morals she has ranged herself on the side of that Fanatical Benevolence which is a feature of the period. Her 'Family Secrets,' if we recollect right, was little more than a disclosure of so many locked-up bottles in dark closets, to which each one made his and her way, as time and trial tempted—the novel being her contribution to the cause of Temperance. In her book on the Pyrenees, again, we had all the English housewife "struggling at her heart" against the disadvantages and snares of a land where carpets were few, tea-equipages scarce, and the *pot au feu* stands for the Sunday joint baked on potatoes, which cheers the table of the English workman. Still, though narrow in her views (indulging a few exceptional sympathies in favour of Painting:—as if it were possible to disconnect that art from other utterances of the Beautiful, such as Drama, Music, and the like!), and obviously little conversant with general society, Mrs. Ellis is not wilfully unfair. An Italian journey has obviously increased her charities, and enlarged her views of what foreign lands may yield. She is no longer quite so sure, as in her earlier books, that the survey of Continental life must exercise the poisonous influence of a mephitic vapour; or that people who roast and boil differently from ourselves, are of necessity licentious heads of households, and fly-away mothers of families. She is more than formerly disposed to preach the truth, that—

A thing of Beauty is a joy for ever.

She even verges towards the hazardous admission that others may have a longer list of "things of Beauty" than herself, without being either libertines or idolaters. In short, if we

may put trust in this book, success has been attended with the right result of disposing the authoress to tolerance rather than to dogmatism. And this is much, in days when the novelist is generically far too much disposed to play the part of the Abuse-monger. Nevertheless, 'The Bennets Abroad' cannot rank high as a work of art. It is the story of a commonplace man of business, and a fretful wife—the latter perhaps suggested by the inimitable Mrs. Bennet of Miss Austen's 'Pride and Prejudice,'—who set out on a tour to benefit the health of an invalid daughter. The several enlightenments wrought by their foreign experiences in the several members of the party (including not a few long letters from the young lady on the well-known works of Art in Italy), with a little love and a little vicissitude, make up the tale. Truth to say, in spite of the good will of the authoress to prove that foreign travel enriches in place of wasting the mind, both the story and its episodic rhapsodies and criticisms are somewhat vapid. There is a mass of readers, however, whom commonplace entirely satisfies, and these will possibly be content with 'Look to the End.'

The Burning of Schenectady, and other Poems. By Alfred B. Street. Albany, U.S.

THIS little volume contains a narrative poem, by an American, on an American theme, and laid on American ground; and yet, like most of the works of its class which reach us from that country, it does not deserve, in any high or expressive sense, to be called an American poem. The incidents are faithfully borrowed from the frontier history of America,—the scenery minutely, and we dare say correctly, described,—the habits and occupations of the period presented, we have no doubt, with verbal truth; and yet we do not feel, as we should, that we are dealing with a national Muse. All that is here done might have been done in the shadow of St. Paul's. There is none of that intense and individual consciousness which makes the poetry of a land the spiritual voice of its especial people. None of the peculiar morals of the great continent are as yet poetically impressed on the American page,—none of its giant features instinctively mirrored,—none of its native oracles rendered by the priesthood of song,—none of its shaping destinies prophetically shadowed forth. With the American poet, poetry is little more than an art—it must be both an art and an inspiration ere it can reflect, as it should, the country of its birth. Notwithstanding the occasional setting to music of incidents like that recorded here, the picturesque struggles of American life, the grand truths of American story, have never yet been poetically rendered. Notwithstanding a world of painting—scenes faithfully copied and effects truly expressed,—*America delineated* is a work which the bard has yet to do. His poetry is not coloured by the hues of the American heaven, nor set to the music of the American streams, nor peopled by the spirits of the American air, nor haunted by the voices of the American heart. The Genius of the land has not yet spoken in song. The poet, in America, stops short exactly where the poet's transcendental office begins. He is a harpist, a chronicler, a troubadour,—but not a prophet. Surrounded by a new world of thought and suggestion, he is content to travel in the beaten ways of song; and with voices appealing to him on all sides in a language of their own, he sets their original and characteristic utterances to old familiar and inexpressive tunes.

To these general remarks, as we have said, the poet before us offers no exception, notwithstanding that he has a graceful and descriptive lyre. The localities of a scene, and even its

immediate physical accidents, are conveyed by his singing, without being impressed—offered to the perception, but not imposed upon the imagination. His descriptions are carefully drawn, but want colour—rhythmically told, but want tone. His versification is easy, and even musical; but that must not be called poetry which enforces by cumulation, and describes by a species of cataloguing. We have such writers amongst ourselves; men who make a catalogue, and call it a picture,—or draw a map, and mistake it for a landscape. Then, we have no morals from him more original than the old hackneyed comparison between the royalties of the ancient world and the republics of the new;—taking no account of the modifications brought by years, which, on both sides, have diminished the differences, and made the truth he would extract less true. Europe is not quite the continent of despot and serf that once it was,—nor America quite the ideal of freedom which the Pilgrim Fathers conceived: and old texts so repeated, in the teeth of history and the face of facts, sound like the wisdom of a schoolboy's copy-book.—

With baubled brow, but fettered hands,
And kingly hound-fangs in his side,
Ætæon-Europe, tottering, stands
Mid Art and Nature's loftiest pride.
Mangled shapes of wrong and pain
Are crushed beneath each gorgeous throne,
Though jewelled purple hides the chain,
Though incense-music drowns the moan;
Temples, where Genius hath enshrined
Its triumphs, breathe their memories round,
But sacred temples of the mind
In ruins strewed are likewise found.

Our young wild land—we turn to her—
Her star and Freedom's merged in one, &c. &c.

And again:—

We seek no theme, where Europe broods
In chains o'er helpless misery:
But in our own green glorious clime,
Where roll our streams and wave our woods,
And towers man's soul erect and free,
Tradition-taught, we weave our rhyme.

Now, touching these ruined European minds, we will say, that, since the history of recent years has destroyed the present hope of getting the perfect minds which the philanthropic optimist had dreamed, we prefer the decaying ones,—garlanded with the wreaths of tradition and coloured by the lore of the present,—to the hastily run up and unfinished moral edifices of which the type may be met with in our author's "young, wild land"—and we will add, that, if, just at the present moment, the American "soul" happens, as our author says, to be "towering erect and free," the attitude is a very disagreeable one,—and we prefer a soul a little bowed down from the perpendicular by some of the chivalries of the past. Take another of the author's commonplaces, found in the old copy-books, and corrected by more recent history:—

But pass two fleeting centuries back;
This land—a torpid giant—slept
Wrapped in a mantle thick and black,
That o'er its mighty frame had crept,
Since stars and angels sang, as earth
Shot from its maker, into birth.

Such facts and reflections as these our author must have learnt in Sleepy Hollow, from Hendrick Hudson and his crew,—or gathered them at second hand, from that animated anachronism Rip Van Winkle.

We have made these remarks rather for the sake of American poets in general, than of the particular poet in question;—therefore need not relate the story of the poem before us. It describes, graphically enough, one of those wild incidents of border warfare, in which the early history of the States abound,—the surprising by night and burning, in 1690, of Schenectady, then the frontier post of New York. The reflections on the modern scene of this ancient foray, with which our author concludes, are a favourable specimen of his manner—and are, besides,

in the right spirit of poetical expatiation on such a field:—

And now, the pine, whose mighty life
Was green, in that wild winter night,
Not two short hundred rings have twined;
The eagle, that when rose the strife,
From his steep eyrie wheeled his flight,
Still launches vigorous on the wind;
The mountains still appear their sides;
Below, the lovely river glides;
But oh, the scene how changed! how bright
The valley with its sloping belts—
How wide beneath the gaze's sight
The glorious landscape smiles, and melts;
Green wave-like meadows, here, are spread,
There, woodland shades are sweetly shed,
In deepening gold, there glows the wheat,
And there, the rye-field's vying sheet;
Rich hued odours, here, are borne
From buckwheat blooms by breezes kissed,
There, furrowed ranks of tasselled corn
Fade greenly in the summer mist:
Where stood grim fort and palisade,
Thick roofs and spires are now displayed;
Where whoops arose, and life blood flowed,
Steam shoots along its iron road;
Where frowned the forest wide and dark,
The smooth canal now bears its ark;
And round, in myriad numbers, press
The signs of peace and plenty'sness.

The following, too, is of the kind we can commend, extracted from a poem called 'The Forsaken Road':—

As I tread
The lonely road, now searing with my steps
The whizzing partridge, hushing with my form
The thrasher's song, and baring with my knife
The darkened hack o'erlaid with bark and rings,
That years have circled, I give rein to thought,
And images throng round me. First the deer
Seeking the lick, leaves prints: the midnight wolf
Scouting his prey, tramps o'er: the red man fierce
Treads in the faint but noted marks, test moss
And mould should show his trail. In after years
His compass the surveyor stakes, and carves
Rude letters on the trees that, gifted thus
With language, tell the windings of the way.
And then the emigrant's huge wagon-tent
Gleams white between the trunks, with household goods
Piled in and dangling round, and midst them grouped
Childhood and matron age, the flock and herd
Straggling behind, the patriarch and his sons
Loitering before with axes, hewing wide
The underbrush, and bridging o'er the streams,
And kindling in the dell, when frowns the night,
Their bivouac for slumber.

Then with toil
The settler trudges o'er, his shoulders bent
Beneath his burthen from the distant mill,
To feed his famishing children. And as Time
Smooths the rough clearing to the smiling field,
The heavy wagon jolts across the roots
To the far market, and the tardy wheel
Therefrom bears loads of rustic merchandise.
And then, as scattered walls of logs are merged
Into thick village roofs, the forest road
Is left, for the smooth spacious thoroughfare
Linking the hamlet to the river-side.

From the above extracts, our readers will see, that the author has occasional glimpses of the right way, though he is not careful to keep it steadily in view; and that he is capable, with reflection—seeking all his strength from the parent soil—of producing better things.

Portugal.—[Erinnerungen, &c.] Williams & Norgate.

We, who are of necessity home dwellers, are always so well pleased to accompany the steps of a literary tourist, that we are by no means apt to become severely critical upon those who, in this way, minister to our pleasure; but we must not allow everything to pass, even in the shape of a book of travels. Latterly, we have imagined that, with a few exceptions, our tourists in Spain and Portugal have declined in interest. As we are no believers in exhausted countries (Mr. Kohl's travels bear witness against that hypothesis), we could not lay the blame upon the Peninsula, and fortunately, in aid of Mr. Kohl, and just at the opportune moment, came Capt. Widdington [see ante, p. 819]. The truth is, that superficial writers can no longer awaken interest by repetitions of descriptions of Lisbon, "Cintra's glorious Eden," Mafra, and the Alhambra. Yet we can easily make allowance for the impressions which lead many tourists, whose books contain nothing new, to present

their observations to the public. Feeling, themselves, the influences of the scenes among which they have lately strayed, they imagine that they have communicated the charm of association, which still dwells in their own memory, to the pages which they give to the world. Ninety-nine men out of a hundred can feel the influences of scenery and travel, but not one in a thousand can reproduce his impressions for the delight of others.

In many countries, from Italy to India, the contrast is felt between the glorious scenes of nature and—man: but nowhere is this contrast more impressive than in the Peninsula, from whose noble hills and fertile plains the tourist returns with only a poor tale of rancorous political quarrels, religious fanaticism, and bull-fights. There is still room for a tourist who would range beyond the ordinary routine of observation, and attempt to explain the degeneracy of the country, not merely by outward political circumstances, but by a deep penetration into the defective character and cultivation of the people. Prince Liechnowsky, however, whose 'Recollections' are now before us, was not the man to do this, nor the magician to throw enchantment over old scenes and stories.

As the accounts of Portuguese churches and convents, with the character and condition of the clerisy, contain little of novelty and interest, while the report of a bull-fight exhibits it as a very degenerate affair,—a cowardly, insincere pretence,—we shall only make a short extract on political oratory, which, on the *ex ungue leonem* principle, may throw some light on the affairs of Portugal:—

At first sight, there is a considerable likeness between Costa Cabral and M. Thiers: in both we find the same ready apprehension—the same lively excitability, the same delight in strife and daring—qualities the more striking, as they are not common among the statesmen of constitutional or absolute governments in the present day. In outward appearance, also, these two politicians are not unlike each other. The same short and slender figure, the glowing eye and fiery glance, the morbid hue of the countenance (telling of labour, watchfulness, and inward unrest), are observable in both. If the discussion grows warm, or touches upon a darling theme, you may see in both the same ebullition of passion, approaching high enthusiasm; but in the Chambers their bearing is different, and one might wish for the Portuguese Minister something of that ironical calmness which, under the warm attack of an opponent, or even amid the stormy outcries of the many, never forsakes the deputy of Aix; but it may well be more difficult to preserve calmness in the convent of San Bento than amid the attacks in the Bourbon palace, for the grave peers of France are always tolerably well-behaved, and their opposition is seldom malicious or insulting. The French Chamber of Deputies is educated and gentlemanly, and, even amid its loudest commotions, its contentions, with few exceptions, are carried on in an elegant style,—with the points of Parisian rapiers, the weapons of good society, and not with thick clubs and heavy bludgeons, the favourite articles in a mob-fight. In this sort of refined warfare it may be easier for M. Thiers to maintain an imposing calmness than it would be in the Portuguese Chamber. There, amid the declamation of his opponents, he may preserve his nonchalance, sitting on the Tribune with folded arms, or sipping *eau sucrée*, with a delicate smile, till his time comes to rise, and continue his speech just from the point where it was broken off; but the Portuguese Chambers, the hereditary as well as the elective, seem to be too raw in the exercise of their functions to maintain a proper dignity of manner, by polishing away from their speeches the dross and roughness. Consequently, they often resemble more a tumultuous club in a tavern than an elegant party in a saloon. There is no dainty treading upon silks and satins, but something more like a street row, where mud and stones are hurled about: instead of Attic salt, the speeches are seasoned with the

coarsest epithets of abuse. For instance, one of the members of the Opposition says to a Crown Minister, "Under your government, all is concussion and simony!" The Minister rises, and calls out, "When you were in the cabinet, you robbed far more daringly." "No!" shouts the other, "you are the biggest thief!" In vain the President rings for order with all the might of his arm; nobody listens to any voice save his own; several rise at once, mount the forms, and declaim, while the gallery accompanies the fracas with loud cheers. If, in such circumstances, a Minister does not always keep his coolness, we cannot wonder when we consider that Portuguese blood flows in his veins. I was present at one of these scenes in the Chamber lately, and would willingly have taken my station at the side of Costa Cabral, in order to hand him the *obligato eau sucrée* when he became overheated and strained his voice, which he did so often, that at last he quite lost it. It was in the Chamber of Peers: several orators had declaimed; but I have forgotten all about the order for the day. One after another, each more violent than his predecessor, attacked the Minister, as if they would carry out the strain of abuse in a regular *crescendo* style, and at last, the Count of Lavradio, with a weak voice, poured out a flood of such unparliamentary personalities as one would not have expected from the mouth of a man of the world and a diplomatist. On the same day, in the hereditary Chamber, when the reception of the Miguelist peers was under discussion (a delicate question for Portugal, as those peers who signed the address to Don Miguel, inviting him to the throne, all belong to the highest families in the land, and are related to many of the peers who sit in the Chamber), several of these noblemen were pointed out, by name, as perjurers and traitors, in spite of the amnesty and the President's bell.

This coarse tone of language extends to everything connected with politics, and is so much the more remarkable, as the Portuguese, like all southern Europeans, and in a higher degree than others, pride themselves on their polished behaviour, and indeed, in spite of their ignorance (which has only been removed, in some instances, in consequence of political expatriation), and a degree of corruption in their moral and political notions, of which we know nothing, you may generally find among them a refinement of manners, superficial indeed, but tolerably general, and an amiability of deportment — qualities, by-the-bye, not always to be found among the most learned, able, and worthy men in our excellent fatherland. But this light, friendly mask of the Portuguese immediately falls off, like a bad varnish, when political feelings come into play. His pleasant, smiling aspect is distorted into a hateful, malicious expression; he can keep his coolness no longer; away he runs along the scale of exaggeration, and heaps insult on insult, in such colossal proportions, on his opponent, that at last he makes no impression at all.

During the election, in June 1842, one of the chosen electors (it is well known that the system of double election prevails in Portugal), from Estremadura, voted for the ministry, though his political friends expected of him a contrary course. The next day, there appeared, in the 'Revolução de Setembro,' the following sentence of excommunication against him, printed in regular Runic characters: "On account of his treachery and faithlessness towards his political friends, his insult offered to the Electoral College of Estremadura, and his services rendered to the most mischievous of governments, João Antonio Rodrigues de Miranda, Judge of the district of Thomar, is here offered as a spectacle to public contempt."

Where the religion of the people consists, in a great measure, in such grotesque processions as our tourist describes, and the priests, the only teachers, turn politicians even in their churches, we may expect to find such disorders as are rife in the Peninsula; yet there are more pleasant features to be found among the Portuguese than those which Prince Lichnowsky has sketched.

Narrative of the United States Exploring Expedition, during the years 1838, 1839, 1840, 1841, 1842. By C. Wilkes, U.S.N., Commander of the Expedition, M.A.Ph.S., &c. 5 vols.

[Second Notice.]

As we proceed with the volume before us, we are constantly provoked to be critical; but shall, except on one topic, persevere in our original intention, of giving the Commander the unquestioned benefit of his own statements. Our next extract is of a legendary character:—

"Messrs. Dana and Couthouy visited a lake called Lauto, which lies to the westward of this pass, and in the centre of an extinct crater. The edge of the crater was found to be two thousand five hundred and seventy feet above the sea, and the descent thence to the water of the lake is one hundred and twenty feet. These gentlemen succeeded in obtaining a line of soundings across the lake, by cutting down trees, and forming a raft of them. They found the depth in the middle nine and a half fathoms, decreasing thence gradually in all directions to the shore. The form of the lake is nearly circular, and it has a subterranean outlet. The hill in which this crater is situated is conical, and there is a low knoll at some distance to the south of it, which is the only other elevation in the neighbourhood, above the general height of the ridge. The border of the crater is clothed with the usual forest foliage of these islands, which, however, exhibits here more than usual beauty, being decorated with the finely-worked fronds of the arborescent ferns, in widely-spread stars, and the graceful plumes of a large mountain palm. The poets of the island have appreciated the beauty of the place, and allude to the perpetual verdure which adorns the banks of the lake, in the following line:

Lauto'o e le toi a e lau mea.

Lauto, untouched by withered leaf.

There is a legend connected with this lake, that has more of poetic beauty and feeling than one would have supposed to exist among so rude a people. It is as follows. Many generations since, during a war between Upolu and Savaii, a number of warcanoes from the latter island crossed over to attack Ulatamoa (or, as it is now called, Ulumoenaga), the principal town in the district of Aana. At the time of their approach, two brothers, To'o and Ata, chanced to be paddling their canoes in the channel between the reef and the shore, and before they could reach the land were attacked by a party of Savaiians. After a valiant defence, Ata was overpowered and slain, while To'o narrowly escaped the same fate. Overwhelmed with sorrow at the loss of a brother whom he tenderly loved, To'o retired to a neighbouring mountain, and burying himself in the darkest recesses of its forests, made them resound with his bitter lamentations. At length in his wanderings he came to the summit, where, stooping down, he scooped out with his hands a vast hollow, and, leaning over its brink, suffered his tears to fall in until it was filled. The lake thus formed has ever since borne the appellation of Lauu-to'o. The regard of To'o for his brother's memory was further evinced by his adoption of Ata's name, conjoined to his own as his family title, and the appellation of Teoomata, a contraction of To'o-ma-ata, is retained by his descendants, who are still chiefs of note in Upolu, and from whom the tradition was derived. The lake of Lauto is regarded with superstitious dread by the natives, who believe it to be the abode of the spirits, who, in former times, were regarded with great veneration, and worshipped. These were supposed to inhabit the waters of the lake, in the shape of eels, as thick as a cocoa-nut tree, and two fathoms long. The attempt of our gentlemen to explore it was looked upon as such a profanation that their native guides left them, and regarded them as persons doomed to accident if not to destruction. The eels were represented as so savage and fierce that they would bite a person's leg off. No eels, however, nor any other fish, were seen in the lake."

We have also an account of a New Faith:—

"In the different jaunts across the island, many of the 'Devil's' or unconverted towns were visited,

where our parties were always treated with great hospitality. At the town of Siusinga the chief who entertained our party was a priest of the Gimblet religion. This new faith has made some progress among these islands, and has the following singular origin: A native of Savaii, by name Seoveedi, was taken from that island by a whale-ship, and did not return for several years. During his absence he visited several ports, where it would seem he obtained some notions of the forms and ceremonies of the Roman Catholic Church. Possessed of considerable natural shrewdness, he founded on this knowledge a plan to save himself from labour for the future, by collecting followers at whose expense he might be maintained. During his absence, and while on board the whale-ship, he had received, as is usual in such cases, instead of his native name, that of Joe Gimblet; and this cognomen is now firmly attached to the sect of which he was the founder. Having formed the plan of founding a sect, he did not scruple as to the means of carrying it into effect; for he boldly claimed a heavenly mission, professing to hold converse with God, and asserting that he possessed the power of working miracles, raising the dead, &c. He soon gained many proselytes, and had attained great consideration and authority, when unfortunately for him he was called upon to exert his pretended power of raising the dead, by restoring to life the favourite son of a powerful chief called Lelomiava, who had been murdered. Joe did not hesitate to undertake the accomplishment of this miracle. He in the first place directed a house to be built for the reception of the body, and when it was finished he required that it should be supplied with the best provisions. In conformity with this requisition, the choicest articles of food that could be obtained were regularly handed to Joe for the use of the defunct, upon whom he alone waited, while every other person except the chief and himself was excluded from the building. The food thus regularly supplied as regularly disappeared, and Joe assured the chief that his son had eaten it, and under this bountiful allowance would soon recover his strength, and walk forth. In this way time wore on, until the patience of the old chief began to show symptoms of being exhausted. This somewhat alarmed Joe, but as he was a fellow of infinite resources, he contrived to evade inquiry and procrastinate, hoping, no doubt, that some lucky incident might turn up, by which he should be enabled to extricate himself from the dilemma. Unfortunately for him, however, after another month of anxious suspense, the old man's pigs and taro fell short, notwithstanding the chief's dependants had for a long time been restricted from using them. All of them were in fact much reduced by their compulsory fast, with the exception of Joe, whose rotundity of form seemed to indicate that he at least ran no risk of starvation. Whether it were owing to the suspicions which his jolly appearance excited, or that he began to entertain doubts of Joe's supernatural powers, is not known; but one day old Lelomiava determined to satisfy himself of the progress making in the restoration of his son. With this design he entered the house, and was shocked with the sight of his son's body in a state of loathsome putridity. He immediately summoned Joe, and informed him that it was time that the promised miracle should be accomplished, adding, that it must be done by morrow's dawn. Joe immediately redoubled his exertions, and prayed hastily to all the saints of his calendar. He, however, knew full well what would be his fate if he remained to encounter on the morrow the anger of the savage chief. He therefore effected his escape during the night, and made his way to his native island. There he remained for some time inco, but now ventures to appear openly, practising his impositions boldly, and is the worst antagonist the missionaries have to deal with. This story was related by the old chief himself, who, instead of finding his son restored to life, was compelled to bury his body, which he did, with the exception of the head. This he put in a box, and suspended beneath the peak of the roof of his house, where it remains, a witness of his credulity and of the gross imposition that was practised upon him. While the party remained at Siusinga, a sick native was brought from the coast to a neighbouring house, and their host, the Gimblet

priest, was called upon to pray for him. This afforded them an opportunity that might not otherwise have occurred, of learning some facts in relation to the ceremonies of this sect. On this occasion, the priest approached the house where the sick man lay, and when upon the stone platform in front of it, he drew forth a book from the folds of tapa in which it had been carefully enveloped. He then called upon Jehovah, returning thanks for the many blessings which had been conferred on his people, and asked for a continuance of the same, invoking the name of Jesus. He ended by inquiring the Divine pleasure concerning the sick man, and begging mercy for him. The nature of the book could not be distinctly seen, as it was again carefully enclosed in the tapa as soon as the ceremony was over; but so far as it was visible, it bore an unquestionable resemblance to a blank note-book! The proselytes of this sect, in case of sickness, confess their sins to one another, and have a number of fast-days, which are rigidly kept. Their Sabbath occurs only once a month, and is celebrated by the firing of guns and the puerile mummery in which their worship consists."

The work contains an elaborate chapter on the Samoan group, which, though interesting, is too long for quotation and incapable of analysis. On arriving at Wallis Island, they landed there the prisoner Tuwai, conceiving that their purpose would be thus sufficiently answered; since the course of the wind is such, for the greater part of the year, as to prevent canoes proceeding from Wallis Island to the Samoan group, and on that account his fate would remain a mystery to his countrymen. New South Wales is now too familiar to present much novelty; the following account, however, of the natives is marked with some traits which distinguish it from others:—

"The natives of New South Wales are a proud, high-tempered race: each man is independent of his neighbour, owning no superior, and exacting no deference; they have not in their language any word signifying a chief or superior, nor to command or serve. Each individual is the source of his own comforts, and the artificer of his own household implements and weapons; and but for the love of companionship, he might live with his family apart and isolated from the rest, without sacrificing any advantages whatever. They have an air of haughtiness and insolence arising from this independence, and nothing will induce them to acknowledge any human being as their superior, or to show any marks of respect. In illustration of this, Mr. Watson the missionary is the only white man to whose name they prefix 'Mr.,' and this he thinks is chiefly owing to the habit acquired when children under his authority. All others, of whatever rank, they address by their Christian or surname. This does not proceed from ignorance on their part, as they are known to understand the distinctions of rank among the whites, and are continually witnessing the subservience and respect exacted among them. They appear to have a consciousness of independence, which causes them, on all occasions, to treat even the highest with equality. On being asked to work, they usually reply, 'White fellow work, not black fellow'; and on entering a room, they never remain standing, but immediately seat themselves. They are not great talkers, but are usually silent and reserved. They are generally well-disposed, but dislike to be much spoken to, particularly in a tone of raillery. An anecdote was mentioned of a gentleman amusing himself with a native, by teasing him, in perfect good-humour, when the man suddenly seized a billet of wood, threw it at him, and then in a great rage rushed for his spear. It was with great difficulty that he could be pacified, and made to know that no insult was intended; he then begged that they would not talk to him in that manner, as he might become wild and ungovernable. They look upon the whites with a mixture of distrust and contempt, and to govern them by threats and violence is found impossible. They are susceptible of being led by kind treatment, but on an injury or insult they immediately take to the bush, and resume their wandering habits. They do

not carry on any systematic attacks, and their fears of the whites are so great, that large companies of them have been dispersed by small exploring parties and a few resolute stockmen. Though they are constantly wandering about, yet they usually confine themselves to a radius of fifty or sixty miles from the place they consider their residence. If they venture beyond this, which they sometimes do with a party of whites, they always betray the greatest fear of falling in with some Myall or stranger blacks, who they say would put them to death immediately. Their great timidity has caused a false estimate to be put upon their character, by ascribing to it great ferocity; and, as an instance of it, it is mentioned, that if a party of natives be suddenly approached in the interior, who are unacquainted with white men, and taken by surprise, supposing that they are surrounded and doomed to death, they make the most furious onset, and sell their lives as dearly as possible: this arises from the panic with which they are seized, depriving them temporarily of reason. They have not, properly speaking, any distribution into tribes. In their conflicts, those speaking the same language, and who have fought side by side, are frequently drawn up in battle-array against each other, and a short time after may be again seen acting together."

But though New South Wales presents little novelty to us, it does to the American in the United States, and accordingly the Commander values highly the information which he has obtained. He enters into a full account of its history and government, and testifies to its progress. The district of Illawarra in particular he states to be very prosperous. A Mr. Plunket is said to have sold his farm for 14,000*l.*, which but two years before, he had bought for 700*l.* We fear, from the last reports received from the colony, that Mr. Plunket might have his estate back again, or take his choice amongst his neighbours', without expending one quarter the sum thus realized.

The volume concludes with observations made during the Antarctic cruise of 1840, and an account of New Zealand; with the latter we are already sufficiently familiar. But we cannot pass by the cruise, technical as the chapter is, without observing that, although in a mitigated form, the Commander still assumes the existence of an Antarctic Continent; nay, he gives an engraved illustration of it as something actually visible. The account in the text follows:—

"Feb. 13. At 2 A.M. we made sail to the southwest, in order to close with the barrier, which we found retreated in that direction, and gave us every prospect of getting nearer to it. Our course, for the most part, was through icebergs of tabular form. In the afternoon we had the land ahead, and stood in for it, with a light breeze until 6½ P.M., when I judged it to be ten or twelve miles distant. It was very distinct, and extended from west-southwest to south-southeast. We were now in longitude 106° 40' E., and latitude 65° 57' S.; the variation was 54° 30' westerly. The water was very green. We sounded in three hundred fathoms, and found no bottom. The weather having an unsettled appearance, we stood off to seek a clearer space for the night. The land left was high, rounded, and covered with snow, resembling that first discovered, and had the appearance of being bound by perpendicular icy cliffs."

"14. At daylight we again made sail for the land, beating in for it until 11 A.M., when we found any further progress quite impossible. I then judged that it was seven or eight miles distant. The day was remarkably clear, and the land very distinct. By measurement we made the extent of coast of the Antarctic Continent, which was then in sight, seventy-five miles, and by approximate measurement, three thousand feet high. It was entirely covered with snow. Longitude at noon 106° 18' 42" E., latitude 65° 59' 40" S., variation 57° 05' westerly. On running in, we had passed several icebergs greatly discoloured with earth, and finding we could

not approach the shore any nearer, I determined to land on the largest ice-island that seemed accessible, to make dip, intensity, and variation observations. On coming up with it, about one and a half mile from where the barrier had stopped us, I hove the ship to, lowered the boats, and fortunately effected a landing. We found embedded in it, in places, boulders, stones, gravel, sand, and mud or clay. The larger specimens were of red sandstone and basalt. No signs of stratification were to be seen in it, but it was in places formed of icy conglomerate (if I may use the expression), composed of large pieces of rocks, as it were frozen together, and the ice was extremely hard and flint-like. The largest boulder embedded in it was about five or six feet in diameter, but being situated under the shelf of the iceberg, we were not able to get at it. Many specimens were obtained, and it was amusing to see the eagerness and desire of all hands to possess themselves of a piece of the Antarctic Continent. These pieces were in great demand during the remainder of the cruise. In the centre of this iceberg was found a pond of most delicious water, over which was a scum of ice about ten inches thick. We obtained from it about five hundred gallons. We remained upon this iceberg several hours, and the men amused themselves to their hearts' content in sliding. The pond was three feet deep, extending over an area of an acre, and contained sufficient water for half a dozen ships. The temperature of the water was 31°. This island had been undoubtedly turned partly over, and had precisely the same appearance that the icy barrier would have exhibited if it had been turned bottom up and subsequently much worn by storms. There was no doubt that it had been detached from the land, which was about eight miles distant. The view of the land, ice, &c., taken from this ice-island, is exhibited in the plate, and gives a correct representation of these desolate regions."

Now, certainly we have the words "Antarctic Continent" here used fluently enough—but the only things actually met with are icebergs and ice-islands. The land, too, is said to have been "very distinct"; but we shall soon find that this "very distinct land" is an object not of observation but of mere reasoning. To be sure, the argument is somewhat modified by the question thus tauntingly put by Lieut. Wilkes:—

"Who was there prior to 1840, either in this country or in Europe, that had the least idea that any large body of land existed to the south of New Holland? and who is there that now doubts the fact, whether he admits it to be a vast continent, or contends that it is only a collection of islands?"

According to this, if what is now termed the Antarctic Continent should turn out to be only "a large body of land" or "a collection of islands," we must be content, and accept the American case as proved. So be it:—only let the precise statement be understood, and, we repeat, we are willing to give the Commander the benefit of his own position. We must of course pass over the instances in which certain appearances were supposed to be indications of land; because these merely register individual opinions, requiring the after corroboration of actual discovery. It is our duty, however, to give the Commander the benefit of the statement that these appearances were confirmed by the crew on one occasion finding soundings. Nevertheless, this can only form one item in the argument favouring the assumption of land existing—to say nothing of a continent. "Ice," Lieut. Wilkes asserts, "requires a nucleus, whereon the fogs, snow and rain may congregate and accumulate; this the land affords." As an hypothesis this is reasonable enough—but is not the discovery of an Antarctic Continent. The conclusions from this supposition are ingeniously deduced, and agree with the relative phenomena to a considerable extent; but the frequent and necessary use of the words "may be" shows that the whole matter was doubtful. Thus says Lieut. Wilkes—

"The icebergs found along the coast afloat were from a quarter of a mile to five miles in length; their separation from the land may be effected by severe frost rending them asunder, after which the violent and frequent storms may be considered a sufficient cause to overcome the attraction which holds them to the parent mass. In their next stage they exhibit the process of decay, being found fifty or sixty miles from the land, and for the most part with their surfaces inclined at a considerable angle to the horizon. This is caused by a change in the position of the centre of gravity, arising from the abrading action of the waves."

On the whole, however, the Commander is in favour of a Continent; for he tells us in a note, that "the fact of there being no northerly current along this extended line of coast, is a strong proof in his mind of its being a Continent instead of a range of islands." Here follow some other reasons for the same conclusion:—

"The evidence that an extensive continent lies within the icy barrier, must have appeared in the account of my proceedings, but will be, I think, more forcibly exhibited by a comparison with the aspect of other lands in the same southern parallel. Palmer's Land, for instance, which is in like manner invested with ice, is so at certain seasons of the year only, while at others it is quite clear, because strong currents prevail there, which sweep the ice off to the northeast. Along the Antarctic Continent for the whole distance explored, which is upwards of fifteen hundred miles, no open strait is found. The coast, where the ice permitted approach, was found enveloped with a perpendicular barrier, in some cases unbroken for fifty miles. If there was only a chain of islands, the outline of the ice would undoubtedly be of another form; and it is scarcely to be conceived that a long chain could extend so nearly in the same parallel of latitude. The land has none of the abruptness of termination that the islands of high southern latitudes exhibit; and I am satisfied that it exists in one uninterrupted line of coast, from Ringgold's Knoll, in the east, to Enderby's Land, in the west; that the coast (at longitude 95° E.) trends to the north, and this will account for the icy barrier existing, with little alteration, where it was seen by Cook in 1773. The vast number of ice-islands conclusively points out that there is some extensive nucleus which retains them in their position; for I can see no reason why the ice should not be disengaged from islands, if they were such, as happens in all other cases in like latitudes. The formation of the coast is different from what would probably be found near islands, soundings being obtained in comparatively shoal water, and the colour of the water also indicates that it is not like other southern lands, abrupt and precipitous. This cause is sufficient to retain the huge masses of ice, by their being attached by their lower surfaces instead of their sides only."

Thus, notwithstanding the testimony of other navigators, and particularly that of Captain Ross, in relation to "the great Southern Land" discovered by him, and extending from the 70th to the 79th degree of latitude, and that of D'Urville, the celebrated French navigator, in reference to a small point of rocks, called by him Clarie Land, and which the Commander of the American Squadron claims to have passed three days prior to the French landing,—and, notwithstanding the apparent reasonableness of the supposition,—we are compelled to report that so far as investigation has proceeded at present, the existence of an Antarctic Continent is only an hypothetical assumption, and that no claim to its discovery can be maintained by any party. It is only natural that a commander of his country's First Scientific Expedition should wish to make the most of it; but Science is so august in her nature, and so severe in her rules, that she declines recording in her archives any sentence as Truth on which there rests the slightest liability of Doubt;—in all such cases she prefers the Scotch verdict, "Not proven."

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

The Eccentric Lover: a Novel, by Bayle St. John. 3 vols.—Had "The Eccentric Lover" been published anonymously, we must needs have ascribed its parentage to the "most fantastical Duke of Dark Corners;" it is so strong in hiding-places, disappearances, and abductions. Purpose in the book, there is not: and the queer creatures that flourish in arabesques, are about as like our human acquaintances, as Narcisse Leroux, its hero.—Baron de Brain, and other personages of the tale. Nor are we able to determine whether Mr. St. John be for or against the *Chevalier d'Industrie*, whose aimless and inconclusive deeds he has so elaborately exhibited in his three volumes. The scene of the tale is laid in Paris—the time is not so clearly specified: the *dramatis personæ* belong to "the ranks," and include two pairs of heroes and heroines. Mr. St. John has not much troubled himself about such mere formalities as beginning, middle, or end; we are accordingly plunged into the midst of the harlequinade without preparation: and the Fairy Order appears at last to restore Pantaloon, Clown, Harlequin, and Columbine to their original shapes—quite as "promiscuously." Yet the writer is not without promise as a romancer. The scenes in the old house near Senlis, warrant our assertion. When he tries again, let him study plot and dialogue: since he may "take the ghost's word for it," they are not unimportant to success in fiction.

Cain: a Sacred Drama, by Frederick East.—The author of this volume candidly avows, that he is "very young;"—and, as our notice of his production must have resolved itself into some such charge, we are thereby saved the trouble of proof. It is even remarkable how completely the writer has contrived to convey to his poem the sense of his youth. Everything about it is young. It was the thought of a very young man to write a Mystery, and call it Cain, after Lord Byron. His very lines are, many of them, not full grown,—nearly all of them totter on their feet,—and, for the most part, they indulge in that sort of unmeaning prattle which is more graceful in the child natural than the child poetical—here and there relieved by one of those deeper utterances which occasionally startle us from the lips of children, and make us wonder where they got them. There is one rather ingenious consequence arising out of the material structure of this poetry, with its half-fashioned limbs and deficient feet—the poem, like the author himself, might grow. There is such a crowd of half, and quarter, and half-quarter verses,—beginnings and ends of lines—so much room for filling up—that it seems a possible feat for the author's riper years, by supplying the remainder of the skeleton, to write his Mystery into meaning and poetry. This would be a curious exercise; whose suggestion will remind our readers of a species of enigma sometimes propounded by the lovers of conundrums,—in which the guesser's ingenuity is taxed to discover certain wanting words, whose insertion shall inform with life an apparent farrago of inert sentences. We propose to our author such a future solution of his young Mystery;—meantime, "we give it up."

A Thousand Lines: now first offered to the World we live in.—A simple, unpretending brochure. We subjoin an example:—

The Song of Secvity.

I am not old,—I cannot be old,
Though threescore years and ten
Have wasted away, like a tale that is told,
The lives of other men:

I am not old; though friends and foes
Alike have gone to their graves,
And left me alone to my joys or my woes,
As a rock in the midst of the waves:

I am not old,—I cannot be old,
Though tottering, wrinkled, and gray;
Though my eyes are dim, and my marrow is cold,
Call me not old to-day.

For, early memories round me throng,
Old times, and manners, and men,
As I look behind on my journey so long
Of threescore miles and ten;

I look behind, and am once more young,
Buoyant, and brave, and bold,
And my heart can sing, as of yore it sung,
Before they called me old.

I do not see her—the old wife there—
Shrivelled, and haggard, and gray,
But I look on her blooming, and soft, and fair,
As she was on her wedding-day:

I do not see you, daughters and sons,
In the likeness of women and men,
But I kiss you now as I kissed you once,
My fond little children then:

And, as my own grandson rides on my knee,
Or plays with his hoop or kite,
I can well recollect I was merry as he—
The bright-eyed little wight!

'Tis not long since,—it cannot be long,—
My years so soon were spent,
Since I was a boy, both straight and strong,
Yet now am I feeble and bent.

A dream, a dream,—it is all a dream!
A strange, sad dream, good sooth;
For old as I am, and old as I seem,
My heart is full of youth:

Eye hath not seen, tongue hath not told,
And ear hath not heard it sung,
How buoyant and bold, though it seem to grow old,
Is the heart for ever young:

For ever young,—though life's old age
Hath every nerve unstrung:
The heart, the heart is a heritage
That keeps the old man young!

The remainder of the small cargo is equal to the specimen.

On Cases of Death by Starvation, by J. L.—My *Dog Brace: a Poem*, by the Rev. Calamus Kurrens. —Two pamphlets on similar subjects, though differently treated—one being a serious and the other a jocose composition, on some irregular and anomalous disorders affecting the common weal, particularly in relation to the working classes, and those who can get no work to do. The humorous poem recognizes the different *isms* of the day (including Puseyism), as so many forms of madness, arising from the state of the stomach, superinduced by political events, and the causes and consequences of the late war. Our readers must form their own opinion on the author's theory—though there is more than meets the ear in his opinion, that "epidemic mania pervades the civilized world," and that "it would burst out, probably, into raging madness, if irritability did not find numerous safety-valves." As such, and as equally marking the impatient spirit of the times, Mr. Kurrens mentions "short whist, short races, Puseyism, and numerous etceteras."

Trip to Italy during the Long Vacation.—Pleasant enough for the perusal of private friends, but nothing in it that can justify publication.

The University of Bonn, by a Member of the Middle Temple.—*The Collegian's Guide; or Recollections of College Days*, by the Rev. ***** M.A.—*Further Consideration of the University System of Education*, by the Rev. J. Hildyard, A.M.—The three publications which we have thus classed together are nevertheless contrasted in one important particular: the first sees no imperfection in the university to which it relates—that of Bonn—and the two others acknowledge many as existing in those of Oxford and Cambridge. But we should be much in error if we were to presume, on this account, that the foreign university was faultless, and our own institutions altogether defective. It is probable, we think, that the standard of excellence in England is, after all, higher than on the Continent. One is inclined to smile at many things in the book on Bonn. Dr. Ritchie's Epithalamium on Her Majesty's marriage, is gravely set off against the English poet-laureate's neglect in not celebrating that event; his office, laments the courtly writer, is a sinecure in England. For our parts, we are glad that Mr. Southey set the do-nothing example on such occasions. Doubtless, however, foreign and English universities may learn something from another; and, in the hope that they may do so, we have thus introduced them in company, and venture to recommend them to cultivate each other's acquaintance.

Elements of Algebra, by Alexander Ingram and James Trotter.—This work is likely to be useful to the teacher, from the large number of its examples and the quantity of the condensed matter which it contains. From this it may be judged, that it would not be useless to the pupil. There is not so much of rational explanation as the present state of algebra requires; but for all that, the book would be more useful than most of those which approach so near the old model. A hundred pages more of such matter as would be useful to the future students of the differential calculus would be a great improvement.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

- Arnold's (Dr. Thomas) *Sermons on the Interpretation of Scripture*, 8vo. 12s. cl.
- Arnold's (Rev. T. K.) *Practical Introduction to Latin Verse Composition*, 2nd edit. 8vo. 3s. 6d. cl.
- Bibliotheca Sacra, Second Series, Vol. I., 8vo. 11s. 4s. cl.
- Burton's (F. B.) *Elective Fecundity*, 8vo. 7s. cl.
- Burton's (F. B.) *On the Maternal Management of Children in Health and Disease*, 8vo. 7s. cl.
- Cheever's *Lectures on Bunyan*, 8vo., with plates, 18s. cl.
- Child's *Illuminated Prayer Book*, 2nd edit. 9 coloured plates, 8s. 6d. cl.
- Consuela to Young Men, 4th edit. 32mo. 1s. cl.
- Cummings' (Rev. John, D. D.) *Lectures for the Times; or, Tridentine and Tractarian Popery*, 1 vol. post 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.
- D'Aubigne's *History of the Reformation of the Sixteenth Century*, translated by H. Beveridge, Esq. Vol. III. 18mo. 4s. cl.
- Greece *Grammatica Rudimenta Minora*, 3rd edit., by Wordsworth, 12mo. 2s. cl.
- Grant's (Rev. Dr.) *Bampton Lectures for 1843, on Missions to the Heathen*, 2nd edit. 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.
- Improvisatore, The, translated from the Danish, by Mary Howitt, 2 vols. post 8vo. 11s. 12s. cl.
- Johnson's *Hydrophobia*, 12mo. & crown 8vo., reduced to sell, 3s. 6d. cl.
- Maudslayi's (Samuel) *Biographical Treasury*, 5th edit., with Supplement to the Present Time, 12mo. 10s. cl. 12s. 6d. cl.
- Moore's (Daniel, M.A.) *Sermons before the University of Cambridge*, in December, 1844, 8vo. 4s. cl.
- Memories of Alexander Bethune, by W. M'Combie, 12mo. 4s. 6d. cl.
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- Nesbitt's (John) *Manual of Field Gardening*, 12mo. 1s. 6d. cl.
- Scott's *Britannia: an Inquiry into the Progressive Civilization of the Aborigines of Britain*, by W. D. Saul, 8vo. 3s. 6d. cl.
- Ollendorf's *Complete Treatise on Foreign Languages*, 12mo. 2s. cl.
- Perceval (Hon. and Rev. C. G.) *Plain Lectures on St. Matthew*, Vol. I. to be completed in 4 vols. 12mo. 2s. 6d. cl.
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- Venice of the Natural History of the Creation, 3rd edit. post 8vo. 7s. 6d. cl.
- Winkler's (O.) *The Inquirer, directed to an Experimental and Practical View of the Atonement*, 4th edit. 12mo. 3s. 6d. cl.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Torre del Greco.

I have just returned from a visit to Pompeii. But I am not about to give you a narrative of impressions and speculations—you Englishers are much too hurried to be tolerant of small philosophy. Indeed, the object of my present letter is to report the progress which is being made in the excavations.

That fine thorough-bred English courser, called the "Bolton," bore me in a few minutes to the gates of Pompeii! The sentinel's box still stands there, but untenanted; the barracks are close at hand, but the clash of arms is no longer heard. The lordly Roman has vanished from a scene once eloquent of his power and wealth; whilst the inhabitant of his remotest conquest, the savage uncultured Briton, displays at his very gates the most wonderful invention that science has ever suggested or art perfected, and seems to triumph over the victor. As my Cicero lazily preceded me through the Forum towards the Strada del Sepolchri, it appeared to me that nothing was being done; and, comparatively speaking, nothing is being done, since eight men and four waggons only are engaged in the works—a number very inadequate to the excavation of a city of which two-thirds perhaps still lie buried. The system adopted in the excavations is that of following the ancient ways of the city, so as to lay open the edifices in regular order; and the street which has for some time occupied the principal labour of the workmen is that which leads to the theatres—all in the same vicinity. This street, at its commencement, is more than twenty-six palms wide; and following the right side, leading down to the theatres, I find that not less than thirteen shops or private dwellings have been brought to view within a year, varying much in their style of building, some being simple and rough enough, others exhibiting greater marks of taste and luxury. In all these houses are to be found the "Lararium," as indeed in every house in Magna Græcia in the present day, devoted to the reception of the modern Penates—the Madonna and the Saints. The absence of marbles in the dwellings of Pompeii is striking; but the want, many will think, is more than compensated by the beautiful mosaics and frescoes which remain,—some of them as fresh as when they received the last finish from the hand of the artist. The subjects of the paintings in the lately-excavated houses, as

you will conclude, are mostly taken from the classic mythology; and very generally represent events in the history of Ceres and Bacchus; who may be eminently called the two gods of Campania, since their worship, more than that of any other deity, was observed in a district in which they seem to vie with one another in the abundance of their gifts. In some apartments I observed landscapes which, though good in point of colouring, and well executed in the individual parts, were curiously defective in perspective. One house in particular cannot fail to command attention, from the superior beauty of its ornaments. Here are swans and peacocks and fruits represented to the life. Bacchus, crowned with ivy, holding in one hand the thyrsus, and with his right giving drink to a panther who is couching, is a beautiful painting. Equally beautiful are Winter, represented as a female with her garments floating in the wind; Autumn (not so well preserved), holding a cornucopia in one hand; and Spring, who, in her left hand, holds the hem of her garment. Narcissus crowned, holding in his right hand a hunting spear (this design is a funeral emblem), whilst his image is reflected on a fountain beneath, and a Love extracting a thorn from his foot, are both pretty paintings. Two other paintings are deserving of attention, not merely from their beauty, but from the deviation from the ordinarily received method of representing these subjects—Narcissus, whose head is erect, instead of being directed towards the fountain, in which, however, his image is reflected, and another painting of two Serpents bound to a Biga, each with a small wing on its back. It would be impossible, of course, in a letter to give you a detailed description of all the paintings which recent excavations have brought to view; and I must content myself, therefore, with saying, that many are good in point of invention and colouring, displaying both the wealth and the taste of the Pompeii merchants, who, to the pursuit of commerce, knew so well how to unite that elegance and that love of the Fine Arts which are so perceptible in the interior of their dwellings. It was a different spirit which animated commerce in those days; when, behind the shop of the perfumer, or the dyer, or the oil-merchant, ran a suite of apartments, combining all that we consider in the present day to be the results of education and wealth and taste.

It is not, however, merely with the beauty of ornament that one is struck, on wandering amongst these recent excavations; there is a seeming life about everything which is startling. In returning on the opposite side of the same street, I discovered traces of the oxidation of an iron bar which bound together some parts of the building. In another house the iron ring still remains, which, eighteen centuries since, opened and closed the shop door. In this part, too, of the city are eight unfinished buildings, as is evident from the freshness of the materials; from which, and other indications, it is inferred that this side of the street had been thrown down by an earthquake, and was at that awful time being reconstructed.

Leaving this part of the city, I turned my steps to a still more recent excavation—that of the last week only. Here the accumulation of loose soil was left on the ground, till orders arrived for its removal, or till the King himself visits it; such being the practice, with a view, perhaps, to secure every fragment of art which may be found there from plunder, or else to pay an easy compliment to any royal or distinguished visitor. Having a permission from Signore Avellino, the superintendent of the works, and the learned editor of the "Bollettino Archaeologica," I entered; and was enabled to examine the interior walls, which were being cleaned or slightly restored. They were covered with matings, in order to defend them, during this process, from the action of the external air; and, lifting these, I discovered what to my unpractised eye appeared to be some of the most beautiful and best preserved paintings I had seen. One in particular struck me, which represents a female figure seated and half veiled; behind her, and leaning over her, is a warrior, who wears a helmet, with its plume; beside these kneels another female figure, who is examining something on the ground; and in the distance is a Love or a Genius. The colour is as fresh as if laid on but yesterday; and the expression in the female's face

displays the hand of no mean artist,—who, in representing a lady of Pompeii, has given us precisely the same style and expression of face which is so strikingly peculiar to the women of these districts in the present day. Leaving the interior of these houses, it is a curious spectacle which the outer walls present, bearing inscriptions in large ill-executed red letters,—many well preserved, and easily to be deciphered—others almost obliterated. Here, we learn, dwelt a "perfusor,"—one who directed the "sparsiones" at the public games. Not far is the shop of a company of "offectores,"—those who restored dresses to their original colour. One house bears the inscription "Felix hic locus est:"—some may think, perhaps, as an attempt to those curious of the future to enter and try the art of the inhabitant, as the walls of the shop are covered with circles, lines and numbers. Another shop is inscribed "Lucru acipe,"—with the not unusual omission of the M in the first word, and of the double consonant in the second—an inscription more intelligible than the last, being evidently an admonition from the god of gain, whose caduceus is represented beneath, to the Pompeii merchant. More important, however, are some of these recently discovered inscriptions for the palæography: thus F is written P,—double L is written E,—as in the following inscription:—

QVIIRIIS
PALACIIMIIT
PABIVMINDIICVRIA
COTINI

Which may be read thus: "*Quæres Fallacem et Fabium in decuria Cotini.*"

I must not, however, dwell at any greater length on these points, to which I cannot say that my Cicero directed my attention. He, poor fellow, was intent on far different subjects; and on visiting once more Pansa's house, his imagination had discovered the kitchen, and, in the designs on the walls, the emblems of a feast and of the culinary art. Alas, for him, that it was all a dream!—for his hungry mien seemed to say that the Fine Arts brought him but humble fare. But the bell is ringing—the railway bell! the train indeed is fast approaching, and forty minutes will bear me into the heart of Naples!

The Academy of Fine Arts, in Paris, has received a report from its perpetual secretary, M. Raoul-Rochette, on the present progress and condition of the excavations at Pompeii;—in which he earnestly calls attention to the rapid decay by which the exhumation of these remains is speedily followed, for want of due precautions. "While rendering justice," he says, "to the intelligence with which these explorations are conducted under the direction of a minister so enlightened as the Chevalier Santangelo, it is impossible to see without pain the gradual decay of the buildings of Pompeii. After an interval of six years, I have found almost effaced paintings which I had previously beheld fresh and uninjured. This ruin with which Pompeii is threatened, seems owing to the neglect, in the majority of instances, of the most simple precautions demanded for the preservation of paintings; such, for instance, as that of adding a roof to the walls on which they are found—or, better still, covering them with glazed frames,—as has been done in parts, and might be done every where at trifling expense. For want of repair, however, these frames, where they have been employed, are rendered ineffectual,—as I found lamentably proved in the *House of Adonis*. A general belief prevails in Naples, that Pompeii is destined once more—and this time irrevocably—to perish, at no distant day:—and owing to this anticipation, but too well grounded, there is a disposition to abandon the place to its fate, without an attempt at retarding the destruction by measures of precaution, which, in any case, would cost but little, and which might be more effectual than is imagined. The Neapolitan government will owe a serious reckoning to the learning of Europe, when the disappearance of Pompeii, daily going on before its eyes, shall have been consummated, by the fault of those whom fortune has made the masters of such a treasure. They seem to think they do all that can be required of them, when they transport from the old city, to the museums of Naples, its most important paintings. But how are

these very paintings, affirmed to be thus snatched from destruction, treated? They are placed between layers of plaster, and shut up in wooden cases, where they remain for years buried in the warehouses of the Museum. Thus, the paintings removed before my former visit, more than six years ago, from the street of *Fortune* and that of *Mercury*, are still, at this moment, in their prison of plaster and wood—as completely lost to art and science as they were beneath the volcanic crust, and far more compromised as to their preservation under the present than the former covering. Who shall venture to say in what condition these paintings will be found, when withdrawn, at the close of seven or eight years, from their plaster beds? And what, at any rate, can justify this seclusion, for a term so prolonged, of these works, in a museum all whose treasures should be open to the student and the public? I do not hesitate to demand loudly the attention of the Neapolitan government and of Europe to this subject: and I hope that, from the heart of the Scientific Congress which will assemble next year in Naples, there will arise a general cry—a voice unanimous and imposing—to protest against this piecemeal destruction of an ancient city, in the face of modern civilization."

LITHOGRAPHY BY STEAM POWER.

The lithographic process, when employed for the reproduction of original drawings, presents several important advantages over the rival arts of wood-cutting, etching, and engraving. The drawing, made at once upon the stone, is not subject to the misinterpretation of the mechanical copyist; the original touches and tints are printed from directly, and unfailingly repeated in every impression. The lithographic artist is not cramped, like the etcher, in the execution of his design by the nature of the materials with which he works. His touches are not constrained by the necessity of cutting through a coat of varnish with a point; the soft crayon, and finely-ground surface of the stone, leave to his hand perfect freedom and fluency of motion. Those scarcely perceptible inflexions, and subtle gradations of pressure, by which the fine instinct of the artist throws life and meaning into a single line; those delicate, spontaneous volitions, which his hand half-unconsciously obeys—which his own mind could not by any subsequent effort renew—which the copyist can much less hope to attain—but which are yet essential to the character and individuality of the work—all these are impressed on the stone as freely as on paper or canvas, and transmitted, without alteration, to the print. When the pencil of a Haghe, and the press of a Day or a Jones have concurred in the execution of a first-rate lithograph, we have a work richer in the artist's original feeling, and consequently of higher artistic value, than many a more tediously elaborated production of burin and burnisher.

Hitherto, however, the cost of the lithographic process, as compared with the expense of printing from engraved blocks, has been a serious drawback to its unquestionable advantages; and has limited its employment, for the illustration of modern literature, to the comparatively rare cases in which economy is not an object of primary importance. This costliness of lithography has, again, depended in a great measure upon the wasteful misapplication of skilled and highly-paid labour to the mere mechanical drudgery of dragging the stone through the press. The lithographic printer has no sooner "inked in" the drawing—a process requiring much judgment, a quick eye, and delicate manipulation,—than he has to lay aside the roller, and toil at a winch, like an ordinary labourer. It is obvious that such a waste of valuable time, repeated at every stroke of the press, must form a heavy item in the cost of the lithographic process as hitherto performed.

These evils are now at length obviated by the invention of a new lithographic printing machine, in the working of which Steam-power is substituted for Manual labour. This improvement, which has recently been patented and brought into extensive operation, is certainly of considerable importance. For, not only is the rate of printing greatly accelerated, and the cost of the process proportionally diminished, by this new application of steam-power; but the pressman, relieved of the only laborious part of his work, brings unexhausted energies, and a steadier hand, to the nice operations of inking and registering; and is

thus enabled to produce impressions of superior and uniform quality. We emphasize the word uniform, because the most skilful printer at the hand-press is apt to flag a little towards the end of the day's labour; so that his afternoon's work is seldom quite equal to his performance in the fresh of the morning.

Nor are these the only advantages resulting from the new improvement. The higher pressure afforded by the Steam press, permits the use of undamped paper, and a drier, less greasy ink; which gives a peculiar clearness and brilliancy to the impressions, and prevents the slight distortion that is apt to result from the unequal stretching of damped paper. The process, thus improved, and no longer laborious, takes higher rank among the mixed, or technico-aesthetic arts; and is likely, in its new form, to attract a superior class of workmen. Should it lead to a more extensive adoption of original lithographic designs for the illustration of books and newspapers, it will exercise a beneficial influence on the public taste; and, in any case, it will materially lighten the toil, and so far ameliorate the condition, of the class of journeyman lithographic printers.

For the last reason, if for no other, we should welcome this improvement as a step, great or small, in the right direction—an advance in strict accordance with the general spirit of our modern industrial civilization; which seems destined gradually to emancipate the human race from Drudgery—to impose all toilsome and degrading functions upon the subservient and menial powers of Nature—and to provide for all the faculties of intelligent Man a refined and pleasurable activity.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

It is now definitively arranged that a Northern expedition shall be fitted out, to sail about the 1st of May. Sir J. Franklin will have the command; and we are informed that the *Erebus* and *Terror* will be provided with the most approved Archimedian screw propellers.

It is with extreme regret, and an impatience which we seek neither to master nor disguise, that we record one of those wanton acts of destruction, whose incomprehensible motive and irremediable amount of loss remove them from the ordinary philosophy of submission, and take the ruffian perpetrator out of any category of indulgence. On Friday in last week, one amongst the visitors of the British Museum, inspired, perhaps, by some morbid love of notoriety, or some fanciful speculation connected with pecuniary distress, shivered into fragments the beautiful and invaluable specimen of Art, known for two centuries as the Barberini Vase,—and in our collection, where, five-and-thirty years ago, it was deposited by the Duke of Portland, as the Portland Vase. The sort of notoriety bid for by scoundrels like this should be administered at the cart's tail—the pecuniary speculation being made profitable to them in another sense than the adventurers intended. Seriously, there must be an end put to this manner of appealing to our sympathies. It is most dangerous, on any plea of humanity, to comfort the misery which makes itself known by a positive and unprovoked outrage—claiming right for itself through the wrong done to another. This particular mode of suing in *forma pauperis* is becoming common; and has a very different claim upon the indulgence of society where it is a deliberate and ordinary resource, from the same illegality when it was the unpremeditated inspiration of a wild and passionate despair. The thing is done now on precedent, not in madness. The breaking of windows recognized as an introduction to the benefits of the Police poor-box, leads naturally enough to such more tasteful and grander displays of vagabondism as that before which one of the treasures of ancient art has just perished. Of course, the motive in this lamentable case is all conjecture; and we are led to imagine such as the above, only because there is no other apparent, and none conceivable. The fellow refused all account of himself; but his name was afterwards ascertained to be William Lloyd, and he was said to be a scene-painter connected with the theatres. It is since stated, however, that he is a man of education—a student of Trinity College, Dublin. The following is a summary of the account given in the daily papers:—About a quarter before 4 o'clock, several persons were in the Hamiltonian room, viewing the various specimens of Art, when their

attention was attracted by hearing a loud crash; and they found that which was the "admired of all admirers" in that department of the Museum scattered in fragments about the floor. The consternation was great; but the delinquent himself at once acknowledged that he had done the mischief. He was immediately given into custody, and conveyed to Bow-street Station, where he underwent a partial examination, and was remanded. Since then, he has been brought up for the final application of the law to his case; and we are sorry to say that, as we feared, none has been found under which anything like an adequate punishment could be awarded. The only statute under which the offence could be dealt with at all (his position precluding the question of damages) is one which gives the magistrates power to inflict a fine for wilful damage, not exceeding the sum of 5*l.*,—with two months' imprisonment as the penalty of default in payment; and a question having arisen, on the wording of the Act, whether the limitation of 5*l.* applied to the amount of damage over which it gave the magistrates jurisdiction, or to the amount of the compensation which it gave them the power to enjoin, the author of this irreparable mischief had a great chance of being withdrawn from the action of the law altogether. The Trustees of the Museum, however,—being only the depositaries for the Duke of Portland, as to the Vase,—proceeded in their own character against the prisoner in respect of the glass case which inclosed it,—which was their own; and this being valued at 3*l.*, the matter came, on any interpretation, within the power of the bench. The public have, therefore, such satisfaction (and protection) as they can derive from knowing, that the demolition of this beautiful relic of ancient Art is to be expiated by an incarceration of two months!—The Vase and its history are too well known to need description. The *Times* says it is valued at 1,000*l.*; but we rather think the Duchess of Portland gave 2,000 guineas for it to Sir William Hamilton. Any money-price put on it, however, can be only nominal: nothing can replace it, and this makes the peculiarly provoking character of the outrage. An imitation was, some years since, produced by the Wedgwoods in porcelain, which is so far fortunate,—but twenty such could not compensate for the destruction of the original. It is earnestly to be hoped that some more proportionate punishment will be provided for acts of outrage like this. The public are deeply interested in the matter. It is not very long since the masses were virtually excluded from our national collections, by the apprehension of just such mischief as has here occurred; and a loss so lamentable is well calculated to strengthen the argument of those who contend, that there is no safety for such treasures but in that seclusion which the advocates for the education of the popular taste have had so much trouble to combat, in their behalf. The Trustees of the British Museum were to hold a meeting on the subject in the course of to-day.—Since the above was written, the fine has been paid,—and the punishment of the culprit thus amounts to nothing at all! He gives now, as the reason and excuse for his offence, the state of mental excitement and mystification arising from a course of inebriety.

The first soirée of the President of the Geographical Society, Mr. Murchison, was held on Wednesday last, and was fully attended by the distinguished members of the Society, and the personal friends of the President. The presence of ladies gave brilliancy and animation to the scene. The first soirée of the President of the Royal Society, the Marquis of Northampton, will take place on the 22nd inst.

The thirteenth meeting of the French Scientific Congress is to be held at Reims, some time between the first and tenth of September next, and to last, as usual, ten days. M. Gousset, archbishop of Reims, and president of the academy in that city, is to be president of the managing committee.

Lord Brougham is preparing a *Life of Voltaire*. He is writing it in English and in French,—and the work is to be brought out in the two languages, simultaneously in London and in Paris.—Mr. Macaulay, it is understood, intends devoting his leisure for the next two years, to the completion of his *History of the Revolution of 1688*.—and in consequence, the *Edinburgh* will be deprived of his contributions during that period.

The Indian letters received during the week, bring the pleasant intelligence, that Sir Henry Hardinge is

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actively employed, at Calcutta, in organizing measures for educating the natives to take a share in the public employments of the country—a policy of long-delayed justice and unquestionable expediency.

The Baron Humboldt, who is at present in Paris, is about to print there a work, to which he gives the title of '*Cosmos*,' and which contains a grand summary of all the views on the earth's formation and its various phenomena, moral and physical, which the studies and travels of a life have suggested to the illustrious author,—corrected and arranged under the double dictation of advanced age and multiplied experience. The subject of this book is already known in Germany; M. de Humboldt having, two or three years ago, made its themes the material of a course of lectures, at Berlin. In its new form, it will be the learned author's legacy to the world.

The Academy of Fine Arts in Paris has elected M. Gatteaux, to supply the vacancy in its section of Engraving, occasioned by the death of the late M. Galle—and the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences has elected Mr. Prescott, (of the United States,) the author of the '*History of Ferdinand and Isabella*,' a corresponding member, in the room of the late M. Navarète.

Captain Grover has received intelligence of Dr. Wolf to the 10th of January; at which date he was at Erzeroum, endeavouring to recruit his strength for the journey over the mountains to Trebizonde; and it was hoped that he would be enabled to start in about a fortnight for Trebizonde,—whence he can proceed by steam all the way to England.

The *Globe* states that that ancient ecclesiastical remnant, the Gate of St. John, in Clerkenwell, is threatened with destruction, under the provisions of the new Building Act—complaints having been made to the overseers of the parish that it is in a state of insecurity, threatening to passengers. For some time past, the lodge-entrance to the old monastery has been tenanted as a public-house; and it is apparently in a very dilapidated state, from want of proper repairs and attention. A strong desire exists, on the part of many antiquaries and of the inhabitants of the neighbourhood, to restore this interesting part of the ancient building, and to convert it into a literary and scientific institution, for the benefit of the inhabitants of the crowded district of Clerkenwell—after the familiar example of Crosby Hall. It is said that it could readily be made available for the purpose; and a public meeting is to be held, shortly, on the subject. The building has an interest for the literary and general antiquary, as well as for the antiquary 'pure,'—as the scene of Johnson's interview with the printer Cave (whose house it was), and the birthplace of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, whose well-known vignette has recorded the fact to remote places and succeeding generations.

The daily papers mention the death, in his 90th year, of a veteran of the press, Mr. Andrew Franklin, who, 70 years since, commenced his literary labours in connexion with the *Morning Post*, and subsequently joined the *Morning Advertiser*,—in connexion with which paper he continued his editorial duties till old age, a few years since, compelled him to retire into private life.

The Americans seem to be paying off, by some what liberal instalments, the dramatic debt which they have incurred to England, for the visits of her actors to the cities of the Union. Last week, we spoke of the appearance of Mr. Hackett at Covent Garden;—on Thursday in this week, Miss Cushman, an actress of Transatlantic celebrity, new to the English boards, made her *début* at the Princess's Theatre;—and Mr. Forrest, an old acquaintance, will renew his intercourse with the English public on the same boards, in the course of next week. The character which introduced Miss Cushman was *Bianca*, in Milman's poetical tragedy of '*Fazio*.'

From Dresden, we hear of the death, in that capital, at the age of seventy-five, of the physician and philologist Weigl; who has, in his day, had more than one title to notoriety. He was one of those who, in 1794, delivered Lafayette from the imprisonment in which he was held by the Austrians, at Olmutz. Professionally, Dr. Weigl's reputation was high. He introduced into Germany the blessing of vaccination; and vaccinated with his own hand upwards of six thousand persons. He is the author

of many esteemed medical works; and published some Greek manuscripts, of which he was the discoverer in the libraries of Naples, Rome, and Vienna.

—The same capital has lost another of its notables, Charles Borroméo de Miltiz, the author of a great number of poems, novels, and romances,—as well as of many musical compositions which attained a certain amount of celebrity,—including a three-act opera, called *Saul*, still occasionally played in Germany. He was one of the most active editors of the *Leipsc Musical Gazette*, and a contributor to the leading literary periodicals of Germany.—From Berlin, we learn, that the King of Prussia has conferred the honour of hereditary nobility, with the title of baron, on Schelling, the Professor of Philosophy at the University,—that he has made a grant of 1,000 thalers a year to the 'Society for Historical Research' in that city; and purchased thirty-six copies of its complete publications for distribution amongst the libraries of the universities and principal lycéums of Prussia.

A curious dramatic homage to the posthumous reputation of a poet and academicien has just been rendered at the Théâtre-Français. Casimir Delavigne left an unfinished tragedy, called *Méline*,—founded on a fantastic legend of the house of Lusignan—its period the age of the Crusades, and its scene the East: and this fragment of a drama has been produced with great splendour at the theatre in question; the curtain falling at the close of the second act—just, say the critics, when the foundations of its interest are fully laid, and the passions which are to sustain it are fairly evolved and in action. Mademoiselle Rachel had the principal part.

At Munich, an ordinance of the year 1831 had, as some of our readers may know, made the acquisition of honours merely titular, tributary to those more hardly-earned distinctions which are achieved in the paths of Art and Science; directing that the fees payable for the issue of letters of nobility, and certain other honorary titles, should be placed out at interest, and accumulated into a fund, to be employed for the promotion of the higher objects above named. The King of Bavaria has, by a new ordinance, directed that this capital, now considerable, shall furnish to such young Germans as shall distinguish themselves in any of the Arts and Sciences, the means of proceeding on a tour of improvement, either through Germany, France, Belgium and England, or through the two former of those countries, with the addition of Italy.—In the same capital, the first of the Exhibitions of the Fine Arts, to be held in the new Palace built for the purpose, will open on the 25th of August next. Artists of all nations are invited to exhibit—the ministerial department having charge of the Fine Arts, undertaking to pay the cost of transmitting and returning all such works as the jury shall accept,—to the extent, however, only of four hundredweight for any one object of Art.—An Exhibition of the Works of Modern Artists, foreign as well as native, will also open, at the Hague, in the coming month of May.

The French critics have a fine scent for an epigram; and generally contrive to start that species of game in any cover which they choose to beat. M. Alexandre Dumas, who had already exposed his literary estate to this species of chase, as a *feuilletonist*, has been writing a letter enforcing the importance of extensive advertising in the matter of literary produce; and the *anti-feuilletonists* have been fortunate enough to find the sort of comment upon this modern literary text which makes a satire of it, in a curious collection of ancient autographs just brought to the hammer in Paris. Amongst these, is a letter from the Abbé Deille to M. Thiesse; in which the poet observes:—"You speak of the importance of giving circulation to my work; a far more important matter is that the work should be good." Sixty years, says the sharp-nosed critics, have reversed the axiom:—the important thing, now-a-days, is, not that the work should be good, but that it should sell. There is some danger that we have friends of our own, at home, who may run against this epigram, and hurt themselves:—nevertheless, it must take its chance, for the sake of the honour which it reflects on the Abbé Deille.

BRITISH INSTITUTION, PAUL MALL.

The Gallery for the EXHIBITION AND SALE of the WORKS of BRITISH ARTISTS, is OPEN DAILY, from Ten in the Morning till Five in the Evening.—Admission, 1s.; Catalogue, 1s. WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper.

ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—A New Subject in CHEMISTRY of universal interest—PHILLIPS'S PATENT FIRE ANNIHILATOR, illustrated by Dr. Ryan in his daily Lectures, and on the Evenings of Monday, Wednesday, and Friday. During Lent a Series of Lectures on ASTRONOMY will be delivered by Professor Bachhöfer on the Mornings and Evenings of Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, accompanied by Dr. Wallis on BERRY'S CALOTONE, KITE'S PATENT SMOKE-CURING AND VENTILATING ROOF, COWLS, LAMP, and CHIMNEY-SWEEPING APPARATUS, and TAYLOR'S improved domestic FIRE ESCAPE are interesting Novelties. Two beautiful Pictures of the SHIRINE of the NATIVITY are just added to the New DISSOLVING VIEWS. CHILD'S CHROMATROPE. THE PROTEOSCOPE. THE PHYSIOSCOPE. Experiments by means of the DIVING BELL and DIVER, &c. &c. Admission, 1s.; Schools Half-Price.

SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

ROYAL SOCIETY.—Feb. 6.—Sir J. W. Lubbock, Bart. V.P. in the chair.—A paper was read 'On a new Bleaching Principle produced by the slow combustion of Ether in Atmospheric Air, and by the rapid combustion of Bodies in a jet of Hydrogen Gas,' by Prof. Schoenbein. The author having observed that a peculiar principle, in many respects similar to chlorine, was developed during a slow combustion of phosphorus in the atmosphere, was led to inquire into the product of the slow combustion of the vapour of ether mixed with atmospheric air. He finds that, besides well-known compounds, such as formic and acetic acids, there is evolved a principle hitherto unnoticed, which possesses oxidizing and bleaching properties in an eminent degree. It decomposes indigo, iodide of potassium, and hydriodic acid, and also, though more slowly, bromide of potassium. When in contact with water, it converted iodine into iodic acid, and sulphurous into sulphuric acid; changes the yellow ferro-cyanide of potassium into the red, and the white cyanide of iron into the blue; it transforms the salts of protoxide of iron into those of the peroxide, and it discharges the colours produced by sulphuretted lead. The author points out the similarity between the action of this substance, in these instances, and that of chlorine and ozone. Analogous results were obtained from the combustion of a jet of hydrogen gas in atmospheric air, and even, under particular circumstances, from the flame of a common candle, and also from various other inflammable bodies when burning under certain conditions. The author is hence led to the conclusion that this peculiar oxidizing and bleaching principle is produced in all cases of rapid combustion taking place in atmospheric air, and that its production is therefore independent of the nature of the substance which is burnt.

GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.—Feb. 10.—R. I. Murchison, Esq. President, in the chair.—The reading of Captain Haines's paper was not resumed, for, though of great importance in regard to the navigation of the Red Sea and Sea of Oman, it was deemed fitter for reference and study than perusal at the evening meeting; nevertheless, as allusion had been made, when the former part was read, to the Hamyaritic or Hamaiyari inscriptions in Hadramaut, on which occasion the Rev. Mr. Forster had explained his views regarding these monuments of antiquity, the President read, with the permission of Colonel Sykes, a letter addressed to that gentleman by Mr. James Bird, secretary to the Bombay Asiatic Society, dated Bombay, 2nd of December, 1844. It appears by that letter that the character of the Hamaiyari inscriptions in South Arabia, as shown by the late Professor Gesenius, is not materially different from the Ethiopic of the opposite coast, only being more primitive, and making use of the three primitive vowels of the Syriac in place of the seven vowels in modern Ethiopic, which were borrowed from the system of Greek vowels when the New Testament was translated into this language. Like the modern Ethiopic, it reads from left to right, and makes use of diacritical points, such as appear to have been introduced into the Syriac by the Nestorian Christians. The language of the inscriptions is a mixture of Ghiz and modern Arabic. These and other considerations detailed in Mr. Bird's letter are, he says, solid reasons for considering these Hamaiyari inscriptions to be posterior to the Christian era, and that we must read them from left to right, and not from the opposite direction, as other palaeographers have deemed necessary. The Rev. C. Forster reads the inscriptions from right to left; but on this subject Mr. Bird suspends his judgment till he shall have examined the matter further.

The Secretary then read an account of an exploratory journey along the south-east Sea-Board of South Australia, performed by Governor Grey, accompanied by Mr. Bonney (the commissioner of public lands), Mr. Burr (the deputy surveyor-general), Mr. G. F. Angus, &c. The south-east portion of Australia was little known, it having been only traversed in one direction by overland parties, who passed through a country for the most part of unpromising character, which induced the belief that the south-east portion of the province afforded little inducement to settlers; and there was little probability of any continuous line of settlements being established between South Australia and New South Wales. It was in order, therefore, to effect a more minute examination that the Governor undertook to explore it himself, accompanied by such persons as should make the examination as effective as possible. The results of this journey were of a satisfactory nature; and it was ascertained, that by keeping near the sea-coast, instead of pursuing the line usually adopted, there is an almost uninterrupted tract of good country between the rivers Murray and Glenelg. In some places this good country thins off to a narrow belt; in other portions of the route it widens out to a very considerable extent; and on approaching the boundaries of New South Wales, it forms one of the most extensive and continuous tracts of good country which is known to exist within the limits of South Australia. The south-east extremity seems to have been the scene of recent volcanic action. Some of the craters are filled with good fresh water, and are of great depth. A great advantage of this fine tract of country is its proximity to the sea. Along its coasts are several bays, one of which was able to afford good anchorage for small vessels, during the winter season, and there is reason to believe that the others will also be found good for small vessels, particularly Lacedæ Bay, thus affording great facility for a coasting trade when the tract shall have been settled. The transport by land with drays and carts will be carried on without the slightest difficulty, so that there is little doubt that, ere long, there will be a line of settlements between Adelaide and Port Phillip. Rivoli Bay was regularly surveyed, and its soundings laid down.

LINNEAN SOCIETY.—Feb. 4.—R. Brown, Esq., in the chair.—Mr. G. R. Grey was elected a Fellow. Three vacancies existing in the list of Foreign Fellows, MM. Amici, Des Hayes, and Ledebour, were proposed to fill the place. A paper was read, by Mr. Doubleday, on the 'Nervures of the Wings of Insects,' as affording diagnostic characters. The author stated that he had found, in examining and arranging the extensive collection of the Lepidoptera at the British Museum, that the arrangement of the nervures of the wings was more to be relied on for distinguishing genera and families than characters derived from the antennæ and palpi. In the wings of all insects there is a double arrangement of the air-vessels—three sets below and three sets above. In some families he pointed these out in their normal condition. In others they became hypertrophied and atrophied according to circumstances, and thus furnished the valuable character to which he alluded. —A paper was read, from A. Henfrey, Esq., on the cause of the first motion of the sap in spring. It had been attributed to endosmose, capillary attraction, and the opening of the buds. The author believed it was a chemical action going on in the bud through the absorption of moisture from the atmosphere, and the action of increased heat. The starch in the bud became converted into dextrose and sugar, and this action going on, the fluid in the bud became more dense, endosmose then came into action, and effected the movement of the sap.

INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.—Feb. 4.—Sir John Rennie, President, in the chair.—A general opinion having been expressed that the office of President should not always be filled by the same individual, Mr. Walker some time since declared his intention of retiring. At the annual meeting, however, he was re-elected; but his resolution remaining unchanged, Sir John Rennie was chosen. The following are members of the council:—Messrs. W. Cubitt, J. Field, J. M. Rendel, and J. Simpson, Vice-Presidents. Messrs. Brunel, B. Cubitt, Giles, Locke, Lowe, Miller, Mylne, Sibley, Stephenson,

and Taylor, members; and Grissell and Murray, Associates. The report was received from the council, and the premiums awarded [see *Ath.* No. 892]. Sir John Rennie then addressed the meeting on the position and prospects of the engineer and of the association.

Mr. Brockedon exhibited some specimens of his "Vulcanized" India-rubber for diminishing the vibration of railways, by a layer of the material being introduced instead of the patent felt, between the base of the chair and the surface of the sleeper. The preparation was a mixture of caoutchouc and sulphur. Its elasticity was of a surprising character, and was stated to be preserved under intense pressure for a long period. It had been tried on the Great Western with success.

A paper was read 'On the Construction and Regulation of Clocks for Railway Stations,' by Mr. B. L. Vulliamy. The circumstance of the General Post Office working all the mails by Greenwich mean time renders the accurate performance of the clocks on railways of much importance; but as a difference must always exist between the times at places in different longitudes, so the clocks which show correct time will be faster or slower according to their situation, when compared with Greenwich mean time. The author, after detailing all the disadvantages arising from this, proposed that all railway clocks should be made to show both Greenwich mean time and the actual mean time at the station where the clock was placed. This could be done very inexpensively by applying a double minute hand to the clock—one point indicating Greenwich mean time, the other the actual time of the station; Greenwich mean time being shown by a gilt hand, with "London time" marked upon it, and the ordinary time by a plain steel hand. By this simple contrivance, the public would readily understand the difference of time between London and the place referred to in the bill, and regulate their arrival at the station in consequence. The paper then pointed out the disadvantage of employing a spring as the maintaining power of clocks, showing the time occupied in repairing and regulating them in case of any accident occurring, and their liability to variation, as compared with the simplicity of weight clocks, which could be repaired in a few hours, and would not require time for regulation, the maintaining power remaining the same. It then explained in detail the kind of escapement to be used, describing that invented by Mr. Airy. It recommended a pendulum of well-varnished teak wood.

The monthly ballot for members took place, when Capt. J. W. Codrington, and Messrs. N. Gough and R. Ritchie were elected associates.

FEB. 11.—The President, Sir John Rennie, in the chair.—The first paper read was a description, by Mr. T. Hughes, of the method employed for draining some banks of cuttings on the London and Croydon and London and Birmingham Railways, also a part of the retaining wall of the Euston incline plane. The method was, the introduction of Watson's drain-pipes, which were made of the iron-stone clay of Staffordshire. Their surface is pierced with numerous apertures, small externally and enlarging inwardly, which form prevents their being clogged by the earth, and allows whatever enters to pass freely into the pipe. In their application on the London and Croydon Railway, a longitudinal trench, four feet deep, was dug on the crown of the bank, at a few feet from the edge; and other trenches, about thirty feet apart, descended from it to the open drain by the side of the permanent way. On the London and Birmingham Railway, the descending trenches were eighty feet apart, and varied from three feet to six feet in depth; the pipes were introduced into these trenches, and the clay which had been dug out was then laid over the pipes: from the longitudinal line of pipes, upright pipes were occasionally introduced for the purposes of ventilation. The panels of the retaining wall were drained by boring holes through the brickwork at given distances by a powerful auger, worked by a machine, and then inserting cast-iron pipes of the same form as those of clay. This process proved so effectual, that the walls, which before showed evidence of water being lodged behind nearly the whole length, was now evidently drying fast, and the water oozed out from the pipes at all times, even during the severe drought of 1844.—The paper in-

duced a discussion upon retaining walls, in which Mr. R. Stephenson gave an account of his views at the time when he designed the walls of the Euston incline; the changes which subsequent experience had worked in his opinion; and the reasons which induced him to adopt the process of staying the walls with cast-iron beams, stretching from one side to the other.

The next paper read was a description of the Ouse Bridge on the Hull and Selby Railway, by Mr. W. B. Bray. The Act for this railway was obtained in 1836; and it forms, with the Leeds and Selby, which was opened two years previously, a direct communication between Leeds and Hull; they were both surveyed and executed from the designs of Messrs. Walker & Burgess. The river Ouse, at Selby, is 196 feet wide and 14 feet deep at low water; the tide rises four feet at neap tides, and nine feet at spring tides. The bed of the river consists of silt resting on a bed of quicksand, beneath which is hard clay. The foundations of the abutments were formed of piles driven into the clay, and on these longitudinal sleepers and transverse sills were tenoned; the intermediate spaces being filled with broken stone, grouted with thin mortar. On this platform brick abutments with stone quoins, string-courses, and copings were built. They were subsequently tied by wrought-iron rods to heavy stone piers. There were six piers placed in pairs, which were founded on piles driven into the clay, and tenoned to receive the cap sills, on which cast iron frames were strongly bolted, the ends being furnished with cutwaters of cast iron plates. The superstructure consists of six ribs of cast iron, an inch and a half thick, resting on transverse girders, one being placed under each line of rails, and one under each handrail; the rails themselves being laid on longitudinal sleepers, twelve inches wide, and six inches deep. In the Act there was a clause requiring that this bridge should have an opening arch, for the passage of steamers and vessels with fixed masts; this consists of two similar leaves, each keyed on to a cast-iron shaft, nine inches square, with turned journals, plunger blocks, and trusses. The total weight of ironwork is 590 tons, and the erection of the bridge was let to Mr. Briggs, of Ferris-on-Trent, and the Butterley Iron Company. The communication was accompanied by a register of the tides at Selby during the year 1842, and was illustrated by a model, presented by Mr. James Walker.

Mr. J. B. Redman exhibited a portion of a fender pile which had been driven in the works of the New Terrace pier at Gravesend, in 1843; and in which the *teredo navalis*, or pipe worm, had made great inroads. It appeared, however, that the ravages of this insect were confined to a space of about 3 feet above the level of low water spring tide; and that therefore if woodwork was well defended by copper sheathing or scupper nails at or below that point, no great injury would be received by piles in any situation.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.—Feb. 7.—W. R. Hamilton, V.P. and Treasurer, in the chair.—W. R. Grove, Esq. 'On the Voltaic Arc.' Mr. Grove commenced by exhibiting, in its highest intensity, the phenomenon on which he was about to discourse. From a Grove's battery of 100 cells he produced a stream of light which no unprotected eye could endure, and which illuminated the theatre and the faces of the audience with the brightness of a summer's noon-day sun. He then said that his chief purpose would be to prove that some most important principles of electro-chemical philosophy might be derived from this wonderful light. His first proposition was, that *force* (as is well known to be the case with *matter*) is, humanly speaking, incapable of being created or extinguished. 1. *Force cannot be created.* This is shown by the fact, that we are unable, by a train of wheels, or any other system of machinery, to reproduce the force which sets it in action, in its original direction, otherwise we should get perpetual motion. 2. *Force cannot be destroyed.* This, at first view, seems contradicted by experience, as, in the case where the motion of one body is destroyed by impact on another, &c. But Mr. Grove contended that, in these cases, some other exponent of force (such as light, or heat, or magnetism) was called into being. This assertion was illustrated by a system of multiplying wheels, so arranged as to exhibit alternately velocity of visible motion when unresisted, and heat and

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light when that velocity was resisted, which heat and light are directly proportionate to the quantity and velocity of the initial motion, and to the degree of resistance opposed to its continuance as cognizable motion—friction being, in fact, but motion converted into heat by resistance, which last may be subdivided motion; but, at all events, is a mode of force, and capable of reproducing motion. Mr. Grove connected this principle with his subject by showing, that when the cylinder or plate of the common machine is set in action, the force producing this action showed itself either in causing other motion, as in deflecting the gold leaves of the electroscope, or needle of the galvanometer, or in producing heat and light; and he inferred that, could these various effects be collected and concentrated, there would result a force identical with that which set in action the apparatus that produced them, just as, with regard to matter, the burnt candle might be reproduced, could we collect and re-organize its dissipated (but not annihilated) constituents. Briefly tracing the theories of electricity from the ancient spiritualism to Franklin's and Dufay's theories of *fluid* or *fluids*, Mr. Grove expressed his doubt whether electricity was any substance *sui generis* to which the term *fluid* could properly be applied. He noticed that the colours produced from metals, when the electric discharge (whether Franklin's or Voltaic) is made to issue from them, are exactly the same as result when the same metals are burnt. Thus tin gives a blue, silver a green flame, and iron scintillates, and the metallic particles themselves can be seen, by aid of the microscope, to be mutually projected upon the terminals between which the discharge is taken. Having thus proved that the character of the arc is derived from the electrode, Mr. Grove exhibited two iron electrodes in a closed glass vessel full of nitrogen gas. In this case no union could take place between the metal and the gas; but the vapour of the former, produced by the intense voltaic heat, was diffused through the latter, and then, being condensed on the side of the glass vessel, the metal was exhibited by the ordinary test. From these and other reasons, it was inferred that the electric light was not the manifestation of an imponderable essence, but a visible transfer of the ponderable matter of an electrode in a state of intense ignition. Another important point in this communication was, that the length and brilliancy of the voltaic arc was diminished directly as the force which produced it was carried off in any other form, such as chemical action, magnetism, &c. This was proved by passing the current first through distilled water, which is with difficulty decomposed, and then through acidulated water, which is easily electrolyzed, and noting how the light gradually diminished as the chemical action increased. Thus, he argued (referring to his original proposition), the voltaic arc of flame is a manifestation of force on matter, and must, either in the degree of heat, or the quantity of matter transferred, or both conjointly, be proportionate to the chemical action (another mode of force) taking place in the cells of the battery. The brilliancy of this light varies with the combustibility of the electrode, and the nature of the intermedium. Thus the arc between oxidizable electrodes is longer and more brilliant in atmospheric air than in hydrogen. It is generally believed that the voltaic arc is greater in rarefied air. Mr. Grove thinks the tension much too feeble to produce a perceptible difference, and that the notion has arisen from the fact, that when taken in air, the line of discharge is generally horizontal, and the tendency of the heated particles to ascend, which gives the form of the arc, is a force transverse to the line of direction, and consequently opposing the discharging force; while, in attenuated air, for convenience of manipulation, it is taken vertically; and, therefore, no such opposing force exists. When an almost entire vacuum is obtained, the arc is much diminished. Having shown that the facility of electro-chemical analysis depends on the quality of the anode, and exhibited the analogy of the voltaic arc to electrolysis in this respect, electrolysis in the cells being facilitated by using an oxidizable metal as the positive terminal of the arc. Mr. Grove concluded by inviting philosophical attention to the following subjects as open to much further investigation:—1. The proportion between the quantity of the matter of the

electrode transferred by the disruptive force which produces the voltaic arc, and that which passes between the plates of the battery cells. 2. The relation between the heat of the arc and the chemical action in the cells. 3. The influence of, and effect on, the different gases or elastic intermedia across which the arc passes. 4. The nature of the light as evinced by the lines of Fraunhofer in the spectrum of the voltaic flame, which are very remarkable, and different from solar and other light. 5. The practicability of causing, by this powerful force, platinum and other metals difficult of fusion to form serviceable alloys with metals more easy of fusion, by dropping the former from the voltaic arc, into the latter previously got into a state of fusion. A specimen of alloy so produced was shown.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

- SAT. Aquatic Society, 2, P.M.
 MON. Statistical Society, 8.
 — Royal Academy—Sculpture.
 TUES. Horticultural Society, 2.
 — Civil Engineers, 8.—Description of the Great Britain steamships, with an account of the trial voyages, by T. H. Guppy.
 — Linnean Society, 8.
 WED. Geological Society, 1.—Anniversary.
 — Society of Arts, 8.—Ordinary Business.
 — Microscopical Society, 7.—Anniversary.
 — Ethnological Society, 8.
 THUR. Royal Society, half-past 8.
 — Society of Antiquaries, 8.
 — Royal Academy—Painting.
 FRI. Royal Institution, half-past 8.—Mr. Griffiths 'On the Chemistry of Fossile Acid.'

FINE ARTS.

SACRED AND LEGENDARY ART.

BY MRS. JAMESON.

VL.—The Twelve Apostles, continued.

NEXT to St. John, St. Peter, and St. Paul, we find ST. ANDREW the most popular and the most interesting among the Apostles, considered as a subject of painting. He was the brother of Simon Peter, and the first who was called to the apostleship. Nothing farther is recorded of him in Scripture: he is afterwards merely included by name in the general account of the Apostles.

In the traditional and legendary history of St. Andrew, we are told, that after our Lord's Ascension, when the Apostles dispersed to preach the Gospel to all nations, St. Andrew travelled into Scythia, Capadocia, and Bithynia, everywhere converting multitudes to the faith. After many sufferings, he returned to Jerusalem: thence he travelled into Greece, and came at length to a city of Achaia, called Patras. Here he made many converts; among others, Maximilla, the wife of the proconsul Ægeus, whom he persuaded to make a public profession of Christianity. The proconsul, enraged, commanded him to be seized and scourged, and then crucified. The cross on which he suffered was of a peculiar form, like a X, since called the St. Andrew's cross; and it is expressly said, that he was not fastened to his cross with nails, but with cords,—a circumstance always attended to in the representations of his death. The legend goes on to relate, that St. Andrew, on approaching the cross prepared for his execution, saluted and adored it on his knees, as being already consecrated by the sufferings of the Redeemer, and met his death triumphantly. Certain of his relics were brought from Patras to Scotland in the 4th century, and since that time St. Andrew has been honoured as the patron saint of Scotland, and of its chief order of knighthood. He is also the patron saint of the famous Burgundian order, the Golden Fleece, and of Russia and its chief order, the Cross of St. Andrew.

In painting, St. Andrew usually bears a brotherly resemblance to St. Peter; he is characterized as an aged man, with gray hair; of a sturdy figure, and broad, resolute features; and in the Cenacolo of Lionardo da Vinci, he is placed next to Peter, being the fourth head to the right of the Saviour. In single figures, or as one of the series of the apostles, he is usually leaning on his cross, and he holds the Gospel in his right

* The Abbé Méry ('Théologie des Peintres') remarks, that it is a mistake to give this peculiar shape to the cross of St. Andrew; that it did not differ from the cross of our Lord. His reasons are not absolutely conclusive:—"Il suffit pour montrer qu'ils sont la-dessus dans l'erreur, de voir la croix véritable de St. André, conservée dans l'Eglise de St. Victor, de Marseille; on trouvera qu'elle est à angles droits," &c. Seeing is believing; nevertheless, the form is fixed by tradition and usage, and ought not to be departed from, though Michael Angelo has done so in the figure of St. Andrew, in the Last Judgment, where the cross is of the common form.

hand. In Flamingo's colossal statue in St. Peter's, one arm is thrown easily and gracefully over his cross, the other outstretched, as in exhortation, but he has no book. Pictures of the 'Calling of Peter and Andrew,' I have already mentioned; and will only add, that in the usual treatment, which represents Andrew already at the feet of our Saviour and Peter behind or leaping from the boat, there is equal propriety and significance; sometimes, however, they are kneeling together before Christ. I know but three other subjects from the life of St. Andrew which have been pictorially treated;—the 'Adoration of the Cross,' the 'Flagellation,' and the 'Martyrdom.'

The most celebrated pictures of these subjects are by Guido and Domenichino. When these two painters executed, in emulation of each other, the frescoes in the Sant' Andrea della Valle and San Gregorio, the subjects were taken from the history of St. Andrew. Domenichino painted in San Gregorio the Flagellation of St. Andrew, and repeated the same subject, with variations, in Sant' Andrea. Guido painted in San Gregorio, St. Andrew adoring his Cross, and the Martyrdom. Domenichino painted the same subjects, and the Apotheosis of the Saint in Sant' Andrea. The two finest were the Martyrdom by Guido, and the Flagellation by Domenichino. The first was the admiration of the artists; the latter drew tears from the people. Murillo painted a large altar-piece of the crucifixion of St. Andrew, now in the Madrid Gallery: a fine finished sketch is in the possession of Mr. Miles, of Leigh Court. Here the Saint is bound to an elevated cross (formed of rough trunks of trees, laid transversely); numerous figures of soldiers, executioners, and spectators are assembled round; two angels of singular beauty bear the crown and palm above, in a glory. The Martyrdom of St. Andrew, by the younger Palma, is in the Dresden Gallery. Rubens painted the Martyrdom of St. Andrew, a large picture, now at Madrid. 'St. Andrew adoring his Cross,' by Andrea Sacchi, is in the Vatican; a picture remarkable for fine and simple expression. It contains only three figures; St. Andrew on his knees before the cross, gazing on it with ecstatic devotion; an executioner; and a soldier, who, impatient of the delay, urges him on to death.

ST. JAMES the Great, or St. James Major, was nearly related to Christ, and with Peter and his brother John (the Evangelist) he seems to have been admitted to particular favour, travelled with the Lord, and was present at most of the events recorded in the Gospels. After our Saviour's ascension, nothing is recorded concerning him, except the fact that Herod slew him with the sword, about the same time that he put John the Baptist to death. In the ancient traditions he is described as a man of zealous and affectionate temper, easily excited to anger, of which we have a particular instance in his imprecation against the inhospitable Samaritans (Luke, ix. 54.). In the Cenacolo he is seated to the left of the Saviour, and, with outspread arms and a look of horror, seems to be repelling the imputation. The tradition, which relates the journey of St. James into Spain, there to preach the Gospel and found a Christian Church, rests on no authority; but according to this legend he spent two years in Spain, and returned to Jerusalem, to suffer martyrdom. Some time afterwards Ctesiphon and others being sent by the Apostles to preach the Gospel in the west carried with them the body of St. James: "and having embarked, they suffered their ship to drive before the wind, and it stopped not till they arrived on the shores of the province of Galicia, in Spain. And a certain queen reigned there, who was a pagan, and remarkable for her cruelty; but the miracles worked by the relics of the Saint were such that she and all her people were converted: and by her commands a magnificent shrine was constructed to receive the body, and a church built over it; and this is the origin of the Shrine of Compostella, one of the most celebrated places of pilgrimage in Europe." St. James was afterwards revered as the Patron Saint of Spain, and became famous in Spanish legends as ST. JAGO or SANTIAGO.

When represented in single figures and in the series of the apostles St. James is habited as a pilgrim, bearing the staff, the sandals, and sometimes also the hat with the cockle shell, either in reference to his being (in the legend) the first of the Apostles who made a journey into distant lands, or to the celebrity of his shrine

as a place of pilgrimage. Separate pictures of St. James are rare out of Spain, but he figures as a matter of course in almost all the Spanish churches. The two finest are the half-length by Murillo, and a full-length by Ribera, painted for the chapel of the Escorial, both now in the Madrid Gallery. According to the wild Spanish legend, St. James, while wandering with his disciples on the banks of the Ebro, beheld in a vision the Virgin seated on the top of a column of jasper; she commanded him to build on that spot a church dedicated to her (*Notre Dame du Pilier*). Poussin has painted this vision, in a picture now in the Louvre.

There is a fine legend of St. James which has been the subject of several pictures. To deliver Castile from the shameful tribute imposed by the Moors (a hundred virgins delivered annually), King Ramirez defies Abdelaman to battle. After a furious conflict, night separates the armies. King Ramirez, sleeping in his tent, sees in a vision Saint Jago, who promises him victory; on awaking, he sends for his prelates and officers, to whom he relates his dream: the next morning, at the head of his army, he recounts it to his soldiers, bidding them rely on heavenly aid: he then orders the trumpets to sound to battle. The soldiers, inspired with fresh courage, rush to the fight. Suddenly St. Jago is seen mounted on a milk white charger and waving aloft a white standard; he leads on the Christians, who gain a decisive victory, leaving 60,000 Moors dead on the field. This was the famous battle of Clavijo (A.D. 939), and ever since then, *Santiago* has been the war-cry of the Spanish armies.

The Spanish painters have availed themselves of this picturesque legend. In the Cathedral of Seville, there is an altar-piece, regarded as the *chef d'œuvre* of Roelas, which represents St. James on horseback trampling over the Moors. By El Mudo again, the battle of Clavijo, in the chapel of the Escorial. By Carreno de Miranda, a large picture of the same subject in the Spanish Gallery of the Louvre. There is a large and fine print by Martin Schongauer, representing St. Jago combating the Moors: he is on horseback in his pilgrim's habit, wearing the cockle shell in his cap; the infidels are trampled down or fly before him. There is a martyrdom of St. James in the church of San Giorgio, at Florence, by Altichieri. He kneels; and the executioner, who holds the sword suspended, looks at him with compassion. This particular idea may have been suggested by the tradition, that when St. James was led to death, his gentle deportment so affected those present, that his accuser was converted to the faith, and died a martyr. I have met with no other subjects taken from the life of this Apostle.

Of St. JOHN, who ranks next in the series of Apostles, I have already spoken, and will only add here, that in the most ancient representations he is an aged man; nevertheless, there is propriety as well as beauty in those which depict him as young, which, also, are warranted by long usage and the practice of the greatest painters [see *ante*, p. 97].

St. PHILIP was born at Bethsaida, near the sea of Galilee, and was probably a fisherman. He was among the first of those whom our Lord summoned to follow him: farther, there is nothing related of him in the Gospels. According to tradition, he was crucified at Hieropolis, in Phrygia, where he had preached against the worship of a monstrous serpent.† In the Cenacolo he is the third on the left of Christ, and with his hand on his breast appears to be protesting his innocence.

When St. Philip is represented alone or as one of the series of Apostles, he is generally a man in the prime of life, with little beard,‡ and with a benign countenance, being described as of a remarkably cheerful and affectionate nature. He always bears, as his attribute, a cross which varies in form; sometimes it is a small cross which he carries in his hand; sometimes a high cross in the form of a T, or a tall staff with a small Latin cross at the top of it. The cross of St. Philip may have a double signification; it may allude to his mar-

tyrdom, and also to the legend, that he overcame the idols, and put an end to the plague at Hieropolis by merely holding up the cross. In Gothic representations, he has sometimes broken idols lying at his feet; he holds the Gospel in his hand. Beccafumi's figure of St. Philip holding an open book, is celebrated for its grandeur. There is also a fine statue of St. Philip, on the façade of the Or San Michele, at Florence. I know no pictures which represent events of his life, though his preaching against the dragon or serpent of Hieropolis, and his martyrdom, may possibly have furnished subjects. It is necessary to avoid confounding St. Philip the Apostle with St. Philip the Deacon. It was St. Philip the Deacon who baptized the chamberlain of Queen Candace (Acts, viii. 38.). This incident is introduced into several beautiful landscapes with much picturesque effect: Claude has thus treated it; Salvator Rosa; Jan Both in a most beautiful picture in the Queen's Gallery; Reinbrandt, Cuyp, and others.

St. BARTHOLOMEW, the sixth Apostle, is only mentioned in the Gospel as one of the twelve; according to the legend, he was originally a husbandman; after the ascension he travelled into India, carrying with him the Gospel of St. Matthew. He was with St. Philip at Hieropolis; preached in Armenia and Cilicia; and coming to the city of Albanopolis, he was there condemned to death as a Christian and suffered martyrdom, being first flayed and then crucified. His relics were brought from Cilicia to Beneventum, and thence to Rome. In single figures, St. Bartholomew is represented as of a robust form, with coarse, sunburnt features, and black bushy hair and beard. He holds in one hand the Gospel, and in the other a large knife, the instrument of his martyrdom. In the old German and Flemish pictures he has an immense head of hair, a large beard and a black complexion; and with his knife in his hand, he has altogether the look of a butcher. He has sometimes his own skin hanging over his arm. He is thus represented in the statue by Marco Agrati in the Milan Cathedral, famous for its anatomical precision and its boastful inscription; in Michael Angelo's Last Judgment, he is a conspicuous figure, holding forth his skin with one hand, and grasping the knife with the other. The only incident in the life of St. Bartholomew which has been pictorially treated, is his martyrdom; a subject so revolting, that we should hardly have expected to find it treated at all. That dark ferocious spirit, Ribera, found in it a theme congenial with his own temperament; he has not only painted it several times with a horrible truth and power, but also etched it elaborately. The best, that is to say, the least disgusting, representation I have met with, is a small picture by Agostino Carracci, in the Sutherland Gallery, which once belonged to King Charles I. It is easy to see that the painter had the antique *Marsyas* in his mind. In the Cenacolo, St. Bartholomew is the last on the right of the Saviour.

Of St. MATTHEW, who ranks next, I have already spoken at length, and will only add here, that there is at Florence (Or San Michele) a fine statue of him by Lorenzo Ghiberti, holding a large book, but without any attribute by which he may be distinguished from any other saint, or from Plato, of whom indeed the first glance reminds us.

St. THOMAS, called Didymus, was a Galilean, and a fisherman, and distinguished among the disciples of our Lord on two occasions, recorded in the Gospel of John, (xi. 16, and xx. 19). In the Cenacolo, he is immediately behind St. James major. Of the wild legends connected with his name, I shall only allude to one which appears to explain the attribute generally placed in his hand—a carpenter's or builder's square rule. "When St. Thomas was at Cesarea our Lord appeared to him and said, the king of the Indies, Gondoforus, hath sent his provost Abanes to seek for workmen well versed in the science of architecture, who shall build for him a palace finer than that of the Emperor of Rome. Behold now, I will send thee to him." And Thomas went: and Gondoforus commanded him to build for him a magnificent palace and gave him funds for the purpose. Then the king went into a distant country and was absent for two years; and St. Thomas meanwhile, instead of building a palace, distributed all the treasures intrusted to him among the poor and the sick. And

when the king returned, he was full of wrath, and he commanded that St. Thomas should be seized and cast into prison, and he meditated for him a horrible death. Meantime the brother of the king died; and the king resolved to erect for him a most magnificent tomb; but the dead man, after that he had been dead four days, suddenly arose and sat upright, and said to the king, "The man whom thou wouldst torture is a servant of God; behold I have been in Paradise, and the angels showed to me a wondrous palace of gold and silver and precious stones; and they said, This is the palace that Thomas the architect hath built for thy brother King Gondoforus." And when the king heard these words he ran to the prison, and delivered the Apostle; and Thomas said to him, "Knowest thou not that those who would possess heavenly things, have little care for the things of this earth? There are in heaven rich palaces without number, which were prepared from the beginning of the world for those who purchase the possession through faith and charity. Thy riches, O King, may prepare the way for thee to such a palace, but they cannot follow thee thither."*

This legend or allegory, fanciful as it is, has an obvious beauty and significance, which I need not point out. I presume that the builder's rule in the hand of St. Thomas characterizes him as the spiritual "architect" sent to King Gondoforus: he sometimes, but very rarely, holds the lance, the instrument of his martyrdom.

The only subject in which St. Thomas is a principal figure, is his refusal to believe in the resurrection of our Saviour without ocular demonstration, called the "Incredulity of St. Thomas." I have found no early picture of this subject, except when introduced (and that rarely) in a series of the life and passion of the Saviour; but it is of frequent occurrence in the later schools of Italy, and in the Flemish schools. The general treatment admits of two variations; either St. Thomas is placing his hand, with an expression of doubt and fear, on the wounds of the Saviour, or, his doubts being removed, he is gazing upwards in adoration and wonder. Of the first, one of the finest examples is a well-known picture of Rubens, one of his most beautiful works, and extraordinary for the truth of the expression in the countenance of the Apostle, whose hand is on the side of Christ; St. John and St. Peter are behind. In Vanduyck's picture, St. Thomas stoops to examine the Saviour's hand. In a design ascribed to Raphael, we have the second version: the look of astonished conviction in St. Thomas. Nicolo Poussin has painted it finely, introducing twelve figures. Guercino's picture in the Vatican is celebrated, but he has committed the fault of representing the two principal figures both in profile. Lately, Camuccini has painted the same subject for a mosaic in St. Peter's.

The ninth in the order of the Apostles is St. JAMES the Less, called also St. James the Just. He was a near relative of Christ, and greatly beloved by him. He was, after the ascension, regarded as the first Bishop of Jerusalem, and was famous for his piety, his wisdom, and his charity. These characteristics are conspicuous in the beautiful Epistle which bears his name. Having excited, by the fervour of his teaching, the fury of the Scribes and Pharisees, and particularly the enmity of the high priest Ananias, they flung him down from a terrace or parapet of the temple, and one of the infuriated populace below beat out his brains with a fuller's club.

In single figures, St. James is generally leaning on this club, the instrument of his martyrdom. According to an early tradition, St. James so nearly resembled our Lord in person, in features, and deportment, that it was difficult to distinguish them. "The Holy Virgin herself," says the legend, "had been capable of error, might have mistaken one for the other;" and this exact resemblance rendered necessary the kiss of the traitor Judas, in order to point out his victim to the soldiers. We find, consequently, that it is a characteristic of this apostle, and adhered to in all the best representations of him; for instance, by Lionardo da Vinci in the Cenacolo, where he is seen in profile, and is the fifth head on the right of our Saviour; by Raphael in his composition of the same subject, and his cartoon of the "Charge

* In Overbeck's fine set of the Evangelists, St. John is an aged man. It appears to me, that as an Evangelist, he should be represented old,—but as one of the Apostles, young.

† Vide Cave's Lives of the Apostles.

‡ He has a very long beard in some sets of the Apostles; but on this point, see Boissi, "Sul Cenacolo di Lionardo da Vinci."

to Peter.' I have not met with any picture taken from the life or death of this St. James.*

St. Simon, called the Zealot, and St. Jude (or Thaddeus), are sometimes represented together, because, according to tradition, they were brothers, preached the Gospel together in Syria and Mesopotamia, and together suffered martyrdom; St. Simon by being sawed asunder, and St. Jude by being nailed to a cross, and shot to death by arrows, or, according to others, by being killed with a halberd or a club. In figures of Jude, I find the attribute is occasionally a cross reversed; never arrows; oftener a halberd. St. Simon holds the saw invariably, and he is always a very aged man, being, it is said, the oldest of all the apostles. In Lionardo's Cenacolo, St. Simon and St. Jude are the two last on the left hand of Christ.

St. MATTHIAS, who was chosen by lot to fill the place of the traitor Judas, is the last of the series of the apostles. According to the legend, he suffered martyrdom at Colchis, either by the lance or by the axe: in the Italian series of the Apostles, he bears as his attribute the former, and in the German sets, generally the latter. I do not know any separate picture of him; but I believe the ceremony of choosing him by lot (Acts, i. 26) has been painted.

With regard to Judas Iscariot, the only two subjects in which he is a conspicuous figure are the Last Supper and the Betrayal of Christ, both of which will be treated at large when we come to the pictures from the life of the Saviour. In painting Judas Iscariot, the general aim has been to render his countenance as hateful, and as expressive of meanness, treachery, and malignity, as art can make it; and by an exaggeration of the Jewish cast of feature, combined with red hair and beard, they seem to have attained the desired object. Lionardo da Vinci described himself as seeking for months, among the prisons and refuse of the people, a head and features such as he required; but with all his well-known skill in caricaturing ugliness and deformity, he has not succeeded in his Judas so well as in his St. John: while with Raphael (that painter of beauty *par excellence*) the case is reversed; in his inimitable composition (engraved by Marc Antonio), the Judas is a masterpiece of vicious expression, without being in the slightest degree exaggerated. Nor has he been obliged, like Lionardo, to place Judas in the shade, in order to deepen the contrast between him and the other Apostles. I may refer the reader to these two grand compositions as perfect examples of discriminative and dramatic propriety as to character.† In Giotto's picture of the Last Supper, Judas alone is seated in front, and in the act of dipping into the dish. In Poussin's picture, Judas, grasping the purse, is stealing out of the chamber. In a curious old picture of the institution of the Sacrament, by Luca Signorelli, Christ distributes to his apostles the consecrated wafer; and Judas puts his into his satchel or purse. I do not mention this singular version of the subject as worthy of imitation, but as characteristic of the age and the painter.

About 1594, Clement VIII. commanded Barroccio to paint a Last Supper for an altar-piece in Santa Maria sopra Minerva. The painter introduced a figure of Satan, who is whispering in the ear of Judas, and tempting him to betray his Master. The pope expressed his dissatisfaction—"che non gli piaceva il demonio si domesticasse tanto con Gesu Cristo"—and ordered Barroccio to remove the offensive figure. Certainly the idea seems more worthy of a Dutch than of an Italian painter. By Schalken, we have 'Judas receiving the Thirty Pieces of Silver,' treated in the true Dutch style—a candlelight effect; and by Rembrandt, 'Judas throwing down the Money.' These are the only pictures I can recollect in which Judas is a principal figure.

* I am surprised to find that in the series of the Apostles, painted by Professor Hess, in the All Saints' Chapel, at Munich, this resemblance to the Saviour, which is the distinguishing characteristic of James the Less, is given to James the Great. The German artists are in general so accurate in these matters, that he may possibly have some reason for departing from a precedent which rests on the authority of St. Ignatius.

† Raphael's cartoon of the 'Charge to Peter' is another. By attending to the personal characteristics pointed out in this essay, there will be little difficulty in discriminating the Apostles in these three compositions, though the attributes are, of course, omitted.

BRITISH INSTITUTION.

THE "pressure from without" has produced certain measures of amelioration and relief, and the Directors no longer admit pictures which have been exhibited elsewhere: hence their present display, though less attractive to the eye of the casual visitor than formerly, is more interesting to the artist, and to those regarding it as an exponent of promise and performance. Strange that the more distinguished artists have not availed themselves of this increase of available space. Mr. MacIse withholds the slightest scrap from his easel,—Mr. Turner affords this year no matter for controversy betwixt Graduate and Non-conformist, by lending it any of his dreamy creations,—Mr. Cope is away,—Mr. Horsley too busy, we presume, with his fresco, to have time for one of the highly finished cabinet works in which, we think, his real strength and individuality resides. Still, the number of pictures sold is satisfactory. The two purchased by H.R.H. Prince Albert, Mr. Danby's *Gate of the Harem* (401) and Mr. Wingfield's *Summer Afternoon* (312), a sort of Hampton Court Decameron scene, furnished matter for controversy to the *private-viewers*, somewhat disproportioned to the importance of the occasion. The English have passed that point at which royal or noble patronage could mislead them. So far, therefore, as the great ones of the earth cherish private fancies for what is eccentric or mediocre, they may be indulged, we apprehend, without the Critic being called on to remonstrate. The question becomes different when the amateur sits in council to apportion commissions, or determine the form and manner of public works.

Thus much by way of general remark. The first work in the catalogue is Mr. E. Landseer's *Decoy-man's Dog and Ducks*. This, with the same painter's *King Charles' Spaniels* (134), are among the popular attractions of the north room. Canine expression can be pushed no further without affectation, nor can anything exceed the sleight of hand with which the delicacies of fur and feather are rendered, as the neck and heads of the birds in No. 1, and the trailing drab plume in the flapped hat (No. 134) bear witness. When approached, both pictures prove veritable curiosities, for the flimsiness of touch with which they are painted, and we wait with anxiety to see what effect Time will have on a handiwork so skilful, but so slight. It was not thus that the great artists of other days wrought; but they had their reward, and so has Mr. E. Landseer. There is small chance, we fear, of the whisper of remonstrance reaching him, through the chorus of praise which the exhibition of his works never fails to excite.

No. 2, reminds us of a manner called mannerism: the picture being a half-length of a lady, *La Cephaline*, the painter Mr. Inskipp. Who does not know this gentleman's favourite face? and his favourite accident of a bit of china-blue colour? here most piquantly introduced in concord or arrangement with a scarlet drapery, and a pomegranate flower coquettishly employed to dress the hair. And need we say that breadth of hand is by Mr. Inskipp so misused that (as in the case of poor Constable, the landscape painter, see *Athen*, No. 849), his would be a comfortable testimony which assured us that the artist had been seen handling a pencil in place of the spatula or other yet coarser tool, with which one must suppose his pictures are painted? Banter apart, however, and this same slovenly breadth allowed for, we have a very fascinating and effective picture in *La Cephaline*. *The End of the Beat* (280) is the full-length of a sportsman, whether portrait or fancy piece "deponent saith not," to which this coarseness of handling may be somewhat more germane; it is carried to its extreme in the pair of *Pike Fishers* (485). Nor let it be thought that we are hypercritical in dwelling on a characteristic at the expense of matters far more important. Mr. Inskipp's repetitions of one favourite trick of colour, his perverse and audacious splashiness of touch, solicit the eye so importunately, that the ease and nature of attitude in his figures, the artless sweetness and intelligence of his female and male countenances, the dexterity of his management of *chiaroscuro*, are thrust, so to say, into places of secondary importance. His, in short, are the very pictures for "the initiated"

(or let us call them the inoculated) to rave about, and for the dispassionate lover of Art, not artifice, to leave with sincere regret.

In quest of pleasanter sensations than those excited by the sight of talent straying, we can hardly do better than return to the *North Room*: pausing before the *Widow's Benefit Night* (59), by Mr. E. Goodall. In right of this work the young painter may be welcomed as a successor to Wilkie, in Wilkie's best days. Perhaps there is here less of direct dramatic story-telling than in the paintings of the Scottish artist. As in the case of the 'French Wedding,' exhibited by Mr. Goodall last year, we have to pry into the picture before its subject-matter clearly presents itself; whereas in 'The Rent Day,' or 'Blind Man's Buff,' or 'Reading the Will,' none could entertain a doubt as to which feature was major, which minor, which consequence? This shortcoming must be dwelt on, since a little careful thought would presently correct it, and because, in every other respect, this 'Widow's Benefit Night' is really a work of rare merit. The groups of village revellers are capitally arranged—witness the dancing pair in the middle of the canvas; the boy with his full laughing face, the girl with her averted cheek;—the whispering lovers to the left, with the crouching fair and brown children beyond them;—the blind piper with "his tail" on the one side, the dispenser of mountain dew with his clients on the other. Every individual head has its character: those of the aged ones are *recking* with shrewdness, or gossip, or humour (the word is not too strong), yet still never outstepping the "modesty of Nature;" those of the young girls and children have an arch and delicate sweetness, which Wilkie, with all his fine observation of Nature, sometimes failed to reach. Then the painting of this work is beautiful; the touch free and fine, without pettiness; the tones pure, the harmony of concord and contrast carefully preserved, and the *impasto* rich and solid. There is ground for more than common hope in Mr. Goodall, and none the less because to this excellence in one particular style, he seems to add desire for variety of subject, as his *Soldier's Dream* (197) gives satisfactory proof. This seemed, on our two visits, the most popular picture in the Exhibition; in part because the beauty of Campbell's lyric is indestructible, being of that nature which appeals to every heart and eye. Yet, taken merely as a fanciful composition of a Highlander sleeping by a watch-fire, with a vision of home above, and forgetting (if we can) the pathetic music of the perfect poem, there is much in the work to please. The repose of the slumberer, it may be objected, is hardly deep enough to befit a dream of such delicious and healing peacefulness: he is thrown down, rather than "reposing."

By the wolf-scaring faggot that guarded the slain; and in his attitude we fancy we trace the same want of due consideration that we have noted in Mr. Goodall's other picture. Be this as it may, the connexion betwixt the "battle field's dreadful array" and "the Autumn and sunshine" of home, is managed so as to produce a striking effect in point of art. The passing over of the smoke of the watch-fire into the intense blue of the midnight sky, and the fading away of the latter into the dreamy light which surrounds —the pleasant fields traversed so oft
In Life's morning march—

are effects most happily rendered. The group, too, in the Vision is charming; but with the view of securing an aerial effect, has it not been painted too slightly? Parts of it are little more than merely rubbed in. Mr. Goodall, however, makes so certain and obvious an advance from year to year, that we can bid him "go on and prosper" with the safest conscience. Another, too, of the name is in the field, whose progress may prove well worth watching; this is Mr. A. E. Goodall, who exhibits a clever architectural painting with picturesque and appropriate figures in his *Entrance Porch of the Church at Candes* (150).

Another work, which though but a sketch for a large picture, is assuredly one of the gems of the *North Room*, is Mr. Müller's *Dance at Xanthus* (27). Here the true spirit of the East has been caught with a grace which gives an artistic value to attitudes and usages intrinsically awkward. The row of squatting Orientals who "assist" while the Xanthian Perrot cuts his capers, become absolutely a help rather than a hindrance to the composition, though they

divide the canvas into two parts with almost mathematical ruthlessness. The dancer, too, must not be passed over, as having a touch of the antique grace which still lingers in Greece and Italy—in the land of the Faun and of the Sibyl—showing, did man require proof, that the Spirit of Beauty is as imperishable in its old haunts as the Voice of Poetry. When Mr. Müller paints this "Dance," we hope he will jealously preserve the precise tones of colour of the sketch, since generally he has a predilection for colder tones and tints. His *Tomb in the Water, Telmessus* (498), and his grand landscape of *Rhodes* (140), though both are spiritedly touched, have the hues and atmosphere of the "frosty Caucasus," and though both may be true to some exceptional effect of weather witnessed by the artist, nine-tenths of common spectators will turn from them (to the fire) with an involuntary protest.

Some rather obtrusive ladies in the *North Room* must be dismissed more briefly than courteously. Mr. Morton's *Lucy Lockit* (37) is one—a not very happy reminiscence of a head in Hogarth's "Rake's Progress"—Sir G. Hayter's *Rachel* (58) another. Never, assuredly, was the pastoral Israelitish maiden represented in a form so like the "Prizefighter's companion." Probably the name is but a fanciful one, tacked on to comply with the canon of the Exhibition, which denies entrance to portraits: be this so or not, the masculine contour and coarse colouring of the picture in question would have shut it out had we kept the door. Glancing from them to Mr. Grant's *Highland Costume* (68), the pretty delicacy of the latter (though the picture is one of a "marvellous proper man") becomes, by contrast, nothing short of whimsical. To close this paragraph of objections, an "O." must be vented, which would rise on our being confronted with the huge *Parisina* (50) of Mr. Ford Brown. Here the effect of Honthorst was probably the aim proposed to himself by the artist; but the composition is extravagant.

One more picture in the *North Room* shall be mentioned on the present occasion—Mr. Knight's *Shylock* (51). The clever R.A. has obviously taken more than usual pains with what may be called the explanation of his subject. The money-bags, the bond with its seal firmly impressed beyond the power of a *Bassanio* to "rave it off," the pen, the scales, the knife, are there in ghastly array, and the Usurer stands in the midst; but they direct our eye to him, not he to them. Now the dramatist, it is almost needless to point out, does not require his public to keep these "properties" for ever in sight; and though

the Jew
That Shakespeare drew

may be beyond the pencil of any Royal Academician whatsoever, we still have a right to expect that more shall be done to countenance, less by accessories, than Mr. Knight has effected. The face, in short, is the weak point in his picture; feebly sentimental in expression, flat and clayey in its colouring. Divested of the appurtenances aforesaid, it might belong to a saint, a philosopher, an eremite—to any one rather than the Paria, who, despite of all his sanguinary ferocity, of his obduracy on principle and by calculation, was still a MAN. It might almost be presumed that Mr. Knight had intended to reconsider this head: nor is amendment impossible; though critics, of course, must speak of what is before them, not of what might have been, or may be. But enough for the present week.

On the Works and Methods of the Modellers in Paris.
By H. J. Townsend.

To works of Sculpture, Models in Clay and Wax, Collections of Casts in Plaster and in Carton Pierre, my careful attention was directed; also to Working in Metals, as bronze and iron: not judging from isolated examples scattered here and there, but carefully examining the iron work which is to be found throughout Paris, in gratings, filling apertures of doors, in balconies, &c. &c. In addition to this, I gleaned such information as could be derived from visits to the ateliers of practical modelers, and to casting establishments. And here I may be permitted, perhaps, to premise that some difficulty is presented to a foreigner under such circumstances. Entering a studio where numbers are under the guidance of one person, he cannot intrude his inquiries to such an extent as to cause

a loss of valuable time. I therefore observed for myself, treasuring in my memory such mechanical or other contrivances as were likely to be beneficial to the practice of the School in this department of my labours. In the works of Marchetti, Triqueti, Barré, Vincent, and others—where the word "Modelling" can be most truly applied to their productions—the executive capacity displayed is truly remarkable, embracing every variety of the use of the modelling instruments, from the most broad and massive treatment to the most finished and minute. In the *sculpture d'ornement*, strictly speaking, the same display of power of execution is met with. This indeed is sometimes the only redeeming point in a profusion of skill without taste. Such is the case in some of the *magasins d'horlogerie*; almost the only instance that I saw of agreeable adaptation of sculptural design to a timepiece being in a model by Triqueti, the artist who executed the gates of the Madeleine. Generally speaking, these designs were so puerile, or the subjects so badly selected, that nothing but poverty of remuneration could excuse them. Here, however, condemnation must end; good workmanship, knowledge, and taste, in almost all other instances, being found united. Every one acquainted with the application of sculpture to purposes of manufacture will be aware of the importance of the flexibility, sharpness, and truth of the modelling of the original. As is the matrix, so will be the metallic product of the mould. When the cast has to be filed, and chiselled, and chased, and burnished again and again, in consequence of defective modelling, the workman or artist has the disadvantage of using his plastic powers on the least tractable material. Thus, the grace which depends on the turn of a line, and on the infinite modulation of surface, readily eludes those efforts which could quickly have made the desired impression on wax or clay. When in Paris, Mr. Wilson called my attention to the fact, that what is done in England by "workmen" is done in France by "artists," in reference to these operations in metal; and he remarked, that "the superiority in the casting there was owing to the greater care and finish in the modelling." My observations confirmed this opinion, and recalled to my mind the extreme solicitude with which the education of the modellers is watched in the French Schools of Design. Notwithstanding, however, this general finish of the first model, so well is the working hand informed and directed by the head, that I have seen leaflets and other ornaments of candelabra, &c., chiselled at once, with the utmost readiness and precision, out of a plaster block where the general form alone had been moulded. Here, something must be allowed for the facilities afforded by the plaster used in Paris. Until informed to the contrary, I could scarcely believe that it was not prepared for this purpose by some peculiar process. Admitting the most facile use of the chisel, however, it has the drawback of not permitting the employment of iron supports, without profuse oxidation. This difficulty they obviate by adopting, instead, pieces of wood, which are previously soaked, lest the subsequent swelling should crack the plaster. In making small models of the human figure, and in the more delicately marked portions of ornamental work, wax is generally adopted. In the Rue de Bac, white wax is to be procured of such a consistence as to take with the utmost sharpness the impression of the tool; but there is a composition still better suited to such operations—a composition of wax with potato flour. The latter has the effect of causing a most agreeable resistance in the resulting compound, and when a colouring material is introduced, is much employed in the Parisian ateliers. As in modelling, so also in plaster casting, the French attain the greatest nicety. To the establishment devoted to this object, attached to the École des Beaux Arts, under M. Jacquet's superintendence, I paid three visits. The wax composition here used for intricate portions, called the "Mastie de Mouléur," consists of the materials used in this country—white virgin wax and resin, with an admixture of plaster, but the two former in equal parts.*

* An experienced Italian informs me, that it is better to increase the proportion of resin. Where the wax is plentiful enough to yield, the form is sometimes lost in the casting, but the predominance of the resin makes it so brittle

It is astonishing how many are the outlets, in Paris, for a superfluity of artistic talent of a certain order. Occupations very puerile in themselves, influence, nevertheless, the studies and destination of youths with an artistic turn of mind, by the certainty of employment they offer. The following is one specimen of the demands supplied by such a class as the "Modeleurs en cire," taken from an advertisement:—"Bustes pour coiffeurs, figures, enfans Jésus avec bras et mains mouvans, saints et saintes, bustes pour poupées, fleurs et fruits montés, corbeilles, vases, assiettes," &c. The application of decoration to the exteriors of houses is also much greater than in London,—ironwork in railings, &c. seldom appearing, even in the poorer streets, except in a beautiful form. Among the employments which engage the talents of the working class, sent out from the Schools of Design, there is one to which London as yet offers no parallel, either in the quantity or quality of the works achieved, or in the number of establishments in which the occupation is pursued. I allude to the fabrication of bronzes. One of the most interesting visits afforded me in Paris was that to the bronze foundry of MM. Eck and Durand, in the Rue de Croix Bornes. Many notes here made respecting the casts, from nature, of lizards, birds, &c., as being desirable for the School of Design, it would be trifling to transcribe, because I now find that they had been previously secured for the school by the Director's selection. At this place I had the good fortune to witness the preparations for two gigantic statues. One of them was recently taken from the mould; in the other case, the "core" was being formed. The processes were kindly pointed out by M. Durand. In another portion of the building the operations of the after-work of chasing, annealing, &c., were conducted. Then it was that the superior attainments of the employés attracted my notice, as before mentioned, the true artistic value of the original designs being thoroughly appreciated, and followed out in the most difficult cases, by the conductors of the working process. The colour of the bronzes throughout the French capital is as varied as the peculiar tastes to which it is presumed to be necessary to appeal; and in many instances, it must be confessed, this taste must be rather of a peculiar description. In looking, however, to the grand results of the bronze foundries,—and particularly in that of MM. Eck and Durand, they offer to notice a most remarkable achievement in the colour communicated to the material. This remark holds good also in reference to another repository of bronzerie which I inspected in the Rue Richelieu. A power is possessed by the French Fabricans des Bronzes, of restoring the fire colour after the chiselling operations, and thus have obtained in many cases the lustrous, deep golden brown of the old Florentine bronzes. I am informed that such establishments as those in question willingly remunerate, at a high price, the most distinguished artists for original designs; while their "artificers," as previously indicated, are selected from nurseries of real art. Since my return I have been shown some fine specimens of bronze-working, with good colour, in the studio of an English artist. The latter quality, however, in no way reached the generality of the French productions; and in regard to the finishing processes, he confessed there was considerable difficulty, in London, of obtaining the requisite amount of workmanlike skill united with artistic information. When we consider that in a small bronze model the slightest elevation sometimes indicates the appropriate prominence of bone, or swell of muscle, it is at once evident that in the union of a laborious process with the necessity for such delicacy of operation and perception, a careful education of the mind should precede the employment of the hand.

In the atelier of MM. Liennard and Emile,—one of the most celebrated in Paris,—I witnessed an example of the sort of training which either accompanies the studies at the Schools of Design, or immediately succeeds them. Here were young men and lads of various ages, some employed in incipient efforts, others executing with facility the most difficult works. Here all kinds of design

as rather to break than yield, and thus, when taken out, the original modelling is found correctly preserved.

were commenced and completed, from the earliest sketch to the most finished working model. Besides, there were men carving the most elaborate and exquisite portions of mahogany work, &c. Models of candelabra, constructed plans of fountains, chimney pieces, gypsum matrices for iron gratings, and other things in great variety, were in active process. M. Émile also showed me designs for the panels ordered by Mr. Wilson, and one for a pistol handle of great beauty. At Liennard's were modelled the figures and ornamental portions of a triangular cabinet, which I believe attracted great attention at the Exposition. Having seen some of these models, I repaired to the cabinet-maker's, to witness their execution in *ebony*, in which skill and finish of the best order were manifest. Almost everything in this cabinet-maker's enormous establishment, with the exception of this specimen, and a chaste, lonely oratory, in early Gothic, was of the *Louis Quatorze* period; an indication of the prevailing taste.

It would be tedious were I to detain you by remarks on a host of public works and buildings, the examination of which was carefully entered into, with a view to directing the attention of travelling pupils to objects of useful research, or increasing my own knowledge of the peculiarities of French skill, or the developments of ancient art. So little that is new could be communicated about some of these, that it may be sufficient to *enumerate* the other principal points to which I directed careful inquiry. These were the various collections of the *Louvre*; the churches of *St. Denis*, *St. Roch*, *St. Sulpice*, *Notre Dame*, *Notre Dame de Lorette*, the *Madeleine*, the *Musée d'Artillerie*, the *Luxembourg*, the *Jardin des Plantes*, with its accompanying museums of *Natural History* and *Comparative Anatomy*, the *Bourse*, with its imitations of *Relievo*, by *ABEL DE PUJOL*, the *Hotel de Clugny*, and various depôts of particular manufactures, such as the *'Emaux de Rubelles'*, silks of rare design, carpets, *FELTED tapisserie*, damasks, the *Beauvais* ware, a large collection of *Carton pierre*, &c. &c. To these I was led, not by a traveller's curiosity, but by the desire of extracting information likely to further the objects proposed in my visit to Paris, or at the request of the director. The *Louvre* contains within, and on its walls, not only its celebrated collection of fine art, but also a mass of decorations, and other works worthy the special attention of the ornata. There is a pair of gates, in one of its galleries, of admirable design and workmanship. The new gallery called that of the *'Renaissance'*, is likewise full of interesting matter. As this is less likely to be known, I may specify, as prominent objects of note, the ornamental sculptures on the two chimney pieces,—the brass bas-reliefs at the base of the bronze statues,—the draperies on the busts of the kings, (as specimens of working in marble), the unfinished statue, by Michael Angelo,—and lastly, two of the most admirable examples of architectural design, the *Tombs of Philip and of Ferdinand*. Respecting these tombs I communicated with Mr. Wilson, suggesting the value of duplicate casts, at least of portions, if they could be obtained. The models in the gallery are, however, the only ones extant, having been made expressly on the order of the government. The tomb of Philip, erected in 1555, by Charles V., consists of a broad base, on which stand groups of figures that, at the four angles, support a sarcophagus. On this latter, crowning a composition of admirable repose, rest the images of Philip and his Queen, in slightly varied attitudes, expressive at once of dignity and resignation. Around the sides of the sarcophagus passes a chain of ornament, composed chiefly of the order of the Golden Fleece, suspended at intervals from lions' mouths. Along the base, which is square and massive, there is a perfect and rich embossing of ornamental sculpture, united with architectural forms, which embrace compositions of figures, some in the round, others in varied relief. The tomb of Ferdinand and Isabella is inferior, but still beautiful. A grand defect in this gallery, at present, is the want of a catalogue. One of the public places promising least to the inquirer after artistic design would have appeared to be the *Musée d'Artillerie*. Yet to the armour gallery of this museum would I direct the attention of the student. Independently of its

valuable range of illustrations of the ancient steel panoplies, there are to be found,—on the surface of these beautiful relics,—designs, the mechanical graving of which is not more exquisite than the play of line and well-contrived intricacies of the ornaments. Some of the latter, if not already published, would form the subject of valuable sketches, as a prolific source of suggestion for further combinations, and in some instances as specimens of the *inlaying of metals* in the Middle Ages. The ancient gateways of *Notre Dame* and *St. Denis*, and the gates of *La Madeleine*, are worthy the most careful attention; the *Hotel de Clugny* and the manufactures of *Beauvais* ware are also objects of valuable research to the student of ornamental design. * *

Though everywhere in Paris,—in the signs of trade, in the adornment of the cafés, and interior of the shops and theatres, in the public fountains, in the iron-work of the doors and shop-windows,—there is manifested a yearning after beauty of decoration, it is not to be contravened that, in spite of all the arrangements for educating the eye, much meets the critical view not only without satisfying the love of real beauty, but with a downright offence to good taste and common sense. The principal cause of the latter impression is to be found in the mal-adaptation of the ornament, or more frequently in the employment of conflicting 'styles' along the same superficies. In illustration, I have already instanced the designs for time-pieces, but the offence which results from conflicting styles of ornament is generally displayed in the department of decorative painting. However beautiful the general effect,—however consistent particular parts may be with the portions near them, there appears often a want of harmony in the 'tout ensemble,' and a frequent forgetfulness of the pleasure to be derived from seeing the ornament made to adorn, but not altogether to conceal, the main forms of construction. The very employment of the mirror,—the prolific and gorgeous source of magnificence in Parisian saloons—is adopted not unfrequently in places where solidity should be manifest, the general requirement of spacious rooms being a sense of security in the first place, and of ornament thereafter. Nevertheless, wherever the genius of the inventor has been courageous enough to search for himself some untrodden ground, as in the weaving of flowers and other natural objects into combinations of his own, without reference to any particular 'style,' there the really artistic feeling of the people makes itself manifest, and meets its due reward in general praise. As an example, I may allude to that which various descriptions and specimens have now made well-known here—the *Beauvais* ware. In this, the genius of an artist of high standing in his profession—Ziegler, the painter of the altar-piece at the *Madeleine*—has worked out the most admirable and suitable combinations of form adapted to articles of varied description; thus giving to an otherwise inferior manufacture a commercial value recognized throughout Europe, and deservedly conferring on himself as much yearly remuneration as the choicest productions of his easel would have enabled him to procure. In such application of high artistic skill and design to purposes of mechanical ingenuity and general use, one cannot but recognize a most beneficent employment of the gifts of nature, which thus become the means of placing before the humblest of the community those forms of beauty and grace the love of which is latent in every breast. Thus it was that our own excellent Flaxman laboured for the Potteries, and thus also, it is to be hoped, the genius of Great Britain may again exert itself to spread the sources of enlightenment, while aiding the cause of manufactures. For it cannot be concealed, that the grand support of many manufactures in both countries, will henceforth be based on *superiority of design*. The arts of design, among the French, much and long as they have been cultivated, are still ever in a state of progress; not only is technical excellence on the increase from year to year, but what is still more important, the defects of taste are continually rectified by the opening of new exhibitions to the public, and the consequent creation of a higher standard of general criticism on artistic productions. Hence, as is manifest to the stranger in Paris, the artists there, of all classes, have an advantage over us in the fact that their

labours are addressed to masses of persons, all more or less imbued with a wish to understand Art, and all, indeed, by the policy and munificence of the Government, furnished with ample and ever-ready means of general inquiry or deep research. In scarcely a single instance do the museums of higher art fail to exhibit a large admixture of such specimens of architectural and other 'ornament' as furnish the most valuable lessons. Hence, perhaps, it results that when a prudent artist experiences a want of encouragement for works of more exalted aim, his early perceptions have been so awakened to the study of ornament that he is enabled to throw into the pursuit of the latter the talent which could not force its way in the other branches. In the French capital, doubtless from similar causes, great is the reciprocity of respect between artists of various grades,—the line between the 'workman' and the 'artist' is not so jealously defined; and thus the Ornata, conscious that the principle of beauty which should pervade his productions will not be overlooked or undervalued, works with a self-appreciation that elevates his views without damaging their utility. That the Schools of Design now existing in England and Scotland may produce similar results is not only to be eagerly hoped, but to be reasonably anticipated. Some persons would appear to expect that we can overleap the ordinary processes of time, and that, the wish expressed, a race of working artists must spring forth at once. Germany and France show us the contrary, but they also have enabled us to discover the shortest road to the attainment of certain high qualities. In the latter country Schools of Design have existed for the greater part of a century, following upon the labours of a race of artists of many climes and most varied skill, who have necessarily left behind them much of that knowledge which in schools of art is known to be transmitted by tradition. Thus the names of Jean Goujon, Poussin, Le Sueur, and others, illustrated the genius of France at a time when England was entirely dependent on foreign skill. By Benvenuto Cellini and other great artists from beyond the Alps, Parisian knowledge has likewise been amply replenished, and their valuable lessons doubtless were handed down, with care,—the troubles of the State having seldom put a stop to the development of its fine arts. What, then, are the hints to be derived from the system pursued in the development of art in the French metropolis? They appear to be suggested, most peculiarly, from these sources:—the earnest studies after Nature in the ateliers; the system of competition, and the consecutive patronage of the higher prizeholders; the extensive range of acquisitions contemplated in the schemes of education in Schools of Design; and, finally, the exquisite care and finish of the modelling, as preliminary to the operation of casting.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK.—M.^{rs} Benedict's Concert, given for the purpose of exhibiting Mr. Coleman's "*Æolian Attachment*," was less successful in its main object, than our hearing of the invention in a private room [*ante*, p. 51.] had prepared us to anticipate. The old and the new tones of the instrument were felt to be more separate than on that occasion, and hence the "variety"—as good Master Maco designated the changes of his harpsichord—seemed, by comparison, to dwindle into a sentimental sort of insignificance. A large part of the audience, however, by no means appeared to share our opinion. There was much—too much—besides the "*Æolian Attachment*" to report on. First, the Messrs. Distin playing harmony-music with great nerve and spirit on the horns brought to perfection—if not newly manufactured—by M. Sax. These are certainly capital instruments; the treble ones especially, the upper tones of which are rich, firm, as far as we can judge easily delivered, and of that mordant, expressive quality, which would be excellent in combination with other instruments. Then we must commend M. Benedict's own piano-forte trio with violin and violoncello on the *Maid Song* and the *Harem Chorus*, from "*Oberon*," as a brilliant and effective addition to our stores of showy music. Thirdly, two of Rossini's Choruses for female voices, "*La Fede*" and "*La Carita*," were performed by a choice assemblage of artists. The first

contains little to fascinate, though not unpleasing to the ear; the second—in reality the third of the series, the intermediate one, 'La Speranza,' being omitted—is more marked and taking in its melody, and deliciously written for the voices. But both are, at best, stage sacred music: and though, in justice, we must not forget certain secular Kyries, Benedictuses, and Quoniam, by German classicists, there is still in this chorus that unmistakable breath of the *notturno* and *cantozetta* which makes it, of its Italian, even more secular than the above of their Teutonic kind. Almost all the vocalists in London appeared—hence the allowance of ballads was somewhat excessive. Of these it were lost time to give any account. We must, however, mention Miss Sara Flower's singing of an *aria* from the 'Lombardi' of Verdi, because she has obviously been studying. Let her, however, try to work the voice she naturally has into flexibility and control, rather than attempt to force it upwards, to acquire the one or two head notes which she exhibited yesterday week. It is the taste of the time to encourage such manufactures; but the result rarely fails to be early ruin, past repair, of the organ thus strained.—It must suffice to notice the recommencement of what may be called the anecdotal ballad concerts of Messrs. Wilson and Lover. On Wednesday evening, while Madame Dulcken was holding her *Second Soirée*, and herself performing Weber's Sonata with Clarinet, and the same composer's *Concert Stück*, Mr. Lucas commenced his series of eight *Musical Evenings* for the performance of select chamber music, intermixed with glees—the most judiciously-devised admixture which can be employed. Of these we may speak more at length on a future occasion.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—We are told that the "great foreign musician" applied to by the Philharmonic Directors, is M. Habeneck of the *Conservatoire* and the *Académie* bands at Paris. Before his "Yes" or "No" can be promulgated, a remark or two suggest themselves as worthy of consideration. At the risk of shocking many of our travelled *dilettanti*, we must say, that we cannot altogether subscribe to M. Habeneck's pre-eminence as a conductor.—of German music. That he is a first-rate disciplinarian all the world knows, though some of the magical effects of his band are not altogether attributable to himself—for instance, the unanimity of its stringed instruments,—the bows of which move with the parallelism of machinery, arises in great part from the circumstance of so many of the players having been trained in the same school. But this distinction made, and M. Habeneck's first-rate powers of a disciplinarian duly honoured—there is something more than drilling required of a conductor: sympathy with the music under his care. Now, though the French seem to us to rave or to rhapsodize about (the less feverish to respect) Beethoven and the other great Germans: the *acme* of perfection in performance demands something more. At the concerts of the *Conservatoire*, as we know them, too much is done: super-refinements attempted, which impair the ease and grandeur of the composition, and render certain passages *maniéré* which should be expressive. The peculiar excellence which all music of the French school demands—an exquisite neatness of point and rhythm, a certain *pertness* (so to say) of emphasis in accent, if applied to the works of the great symphonists, tends to make them frivolous or affected—to chain up the flow of grand ideas—to fritter away noble proportions. This will be rated as hypercriticism: and we should not have hazarded the objection, had we not had opportunities of closely comparing the performances of the same German works under Dr. Mendelssohn and M. Habeneck. Nothing, too, but imperfect sympathy could have allowed the latter gentleman to sanction such mistakes as monster quartetts in which delicate chamber music was performed by all the stringed instruments of the band,—a proceeding, which, however taking, is as unartistic as would be any single song or duett sung by thirty *prime donne*. So much for general remarks, consistent, we hope, with sincere respect for M. Habeneck as a conscientious musician, and an unparagoned conductor of French opera. One special difficulty, however, must be pointed out; namely, his total unacquaintance with our language. It really seems as if the Directors would rather put

the severest obstacles in their own way, than recur to the simplest and most natural means of remedy within reach. After Drs. Mendelssohn and Spohr (placed first, because of their superior experience of managing orchestras), there are no foreign conductors, we repeat, better qualified than Mr. Moscheles, or Mr. Benedict, or Mr. W. S. Bennett—due powers allowed them: and the resolute avoidance of these gentlemen, suggests ideas little creditable to the parties in office. Their measures must end in the ruin of what was once the solitary instrumental pride of England.

MUSICAL RUMOURS.—Lent being the time when Rumour reigns, every day brings, among other novelties, contradictions to some of the *on dits* of former weeks. We now hear, that M. Meyerbeer's conditions for the augmentation of orchestra and chorus are wisely so stringent,—the success of his works largely depending upon numbers and their training,—that it is more than probable they will not be acceded to by the Drury Lane management,—and thus that our chance of the 'Camp of Silesia,' directed by himself, and sung by Mdle. Jenny Lind, is over. It is said, too, that M. Felicien David is so large in his demands, in face of a very liberal offer made him by the Italian management, that we must wait for a hearing of his 'Desert' symphony. Thirdly, we are told that the first opera to be given in the Haymarket is the 'Ernani' of Verdi. This *maestro* being decidedly the one who has "the call" just now in Italy, it is well done to give the public an opportunity of judging of his best works. We should be glad, too, by way of *opera buffa*, to be treated to either of Pacini's two last novelties.

There is little news from abroad worthy of gathering. The project of a theatre for Italian opera and ballet at Berlin on the gigantic scale of La Scala, to be directed by M. Taglioni—the revival of Cherubini's 'Lodoiska' at Frankfurt—the success of a Miss Emma Bingley (English again!) at Malta—the possible arrival from Italy of Lady Bishop—the performance, by M. Ole Bull, of one of the Penitential Psalms (!) by way of adieu to the United States, and the arrival at Paris of M. Limander de Nieuwenhove, the director of the singing academy at Mechlin, and (it is added) a composer of promise, offer some little food for expectation: but the times, on the whole, are barren.

MISCELLANEA

Paris Academy of Sciences.—Feb. 3.—A paper was read from Dr. Schwab, Director of the Central Veterinary School of Bavaria, on the disease in horned cattle, which has prevailed in Moravia, Bohemia, &c. It appears from this communication that the disease was first propagated in Moravia by some horses from Russia and Bessarabia. From the month of September to the 5th of December, 1,065 animals were attacked by it in Moravia; 845 died, and 129 were slaughtered. The disease did not make its appearance in Bohemia until the end of December; it soon reached Lower Austria, having been communicated there by some oxen imported from Podolia and Bohemia. Dr. Schwab says that there is no other remedy against the propagation of this disease than the slaughter of the animals attacked by it, and no means of preventing its appearance but the rigid blockade of the infected countries.—In a former sitting a letter was read from M. Schratrer, of Vienna, announcing that gases liquefied, and then reduced to a very low temperature, no longer exercised any but a very feeble action. M. Schratrer mentioned in particular the action of liquid chlorine upon phosphorus. M. Dumas wished to verify this statement, and he considers himself fortunate in not having been the victim of two explosions of his apparatus, which was rent into fragments, some of which were launched by the force of the explosion to a distance of twenty metres. M. Dumas placed a piece of phosphorus, having first the ordinary temperature, but subsequently cooled to 90 degrees below zero, in liquefied chlorine lowered to the same temperature by a mixture of solid carbonic acid and ether.—M. Aguinet submitted to the Academy a proposition for a motive power founded on the passage of gases to the liquid state.—Several meteorological papers were read; amongst them the following:—M. Dupré, on the quantity of rain which fell at Rennes

in 1843 and 1844; M. Delarue, on the temperature at Dijon in the last quarter of 1844; M. Bérard, on the diurnal variations of the compass at Akaroa; and M. Mellier, of Toulouse, on a meteor observed at Limoux in December. This paper was rather a curious one, for M. Mellier supposes this meteor to have been predicted by M. Petit, who concludes that meteors of the kind seen at Limoux are in truth planets.

Egypt.—Observing in your paper of this day in the "List of New Books," that you have announced my edition of Prince Puckler Muskau's 'Egypt' as consisting of three volumes, I beg you will do me the favour to state that this is an error, as my edition will be comprised in two volumes, containing the three volumes of the German original.

Yours, &c.,
HENRY COLCLEN,
13, Great Marlborough-street, Feb. 8, 1845.

Mesmerism.—I am told that advertisements have appeared in your paper, as well as in others, stating that lectures will be given by Mr. Spencer Hall on the effects of Mesmerism, &c. So long as any inconvenience arising from the similarity of my name with that of the lecturer would probably affect me only, I left the mistake uncorrected. I have my friends' wit like a martyr, and yielded to no weakness but that of slumber, over the communications of "country correspondents." But now that I fear the remission of cases,—now that questions are asked, "how many postage-stamps" it requires to remit me my fee, &c., I feel it my duty to state, I am not the lecturer in question. I am, &c.,
SPENCER HALL.

Athenæum, Waterloo-place, Feb. 13, 1845.

Engraving.—Having seen in your paper two letters from a Mr. Dircks, headed 'Improvements in Engraving,' I wish to trouble you with a few remarks. In the first place, 'Etching on Glass' is not at all new: I have now one by me, which has been done seven years at least; and it can possess no advantage whatever over copper or steel. And as to the "transparent medium," after laying on a ground for the etching, it is no longer so, as any kind of wax you cannot see through; and varnish you cannot etch upon; independent of that, of all the methods of copying, the one he suggests is the very worst. And now for the "phenomena which does not appear very explicable." Thirty years ago in Birmingham, the principle, which seems to have so perplexed Mr. Dircks, was used in transferring the cyphers from one silver spoon to another, with this slight difference only—instead of having the trouble of putting it on a hot stove, it was rubbed with the burnisher, and the impression left upon the spoon, consequently the cyphers on all were pretty much alike.—I remain, &c. AN ENGRAVER.

Education in the United States.—The *Athenæum* has ever manifested so warm an interest in the subject of Education, that I am induced to send you a short statement relative to the statistics of education in the United States of America. I am indebted for this to the 'Supplement to the 12th Part of the Revenue Tables,' which has just been published. In the year 1840, the total population of the United States was 17,068,666, and the number of persons undergoing education during that year was 2,025,636. The following table shows the various degrees of education which were taught throughout the thirty States:—

	No. of Students
Universities or Colleges	173,423
Academies and Grammar Schools	3,242,164,159
Primary and Common Schools	47,209,1,845,244

Four States only are without universities or colleges: these are Arkansas, Florida Territory, Wisconsin and Iowa; and, deducting the population of these States from that of the rest, we gather that 16,847,558 persons, inhabiting twenty-seven States, have colleges provided for the higher degrees of education. In the same year there were 17,370 persons on the books of the various universities and colleges in Great Britain and Ireland. The number of scholars in the United States educated at the public charge amounted to 468,264; each State possessing schools for this purpose, with the exception of Arkansas and Iowa. A curious return is given of the number of White persons above 20 years who can neither read nor write: these amount to 549,693 or 12.79 of the entire White population. We have some means of drawing a comparison between this return of uneducated persons in the United States and those in England and Wales, for in the latter countries it appears that in the year 1840 the proportion of males who signed the marriage register with marks, in consequence of their inability to sign their names, was 33.63 per cent., and of females 50.28 per cent., or together 41.09. Accompanying the educational returns is a detailed statement of the number of deaf and dumb,

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blind and lunatics, in the several States; from which the following is compiled:—

	White Persons.	Coloured Persons.
Deaf and Dumb	6,682	981
Blind	5,024	1,892
Lunatics	14,508	3,926

Thus the proportion of lunatics to the White population is '122 per cent., and to the Coloured '132 per cent. In England and Wales the proportion is '135 per cent., or 1 in 800 of the population.

Somerset House. C. R. WELD.
Metropolitan Improvement Society.—At the last meeting of this society, communications were read from Sir Robert Peel and the Earl of Lincoln, in answer to applications from the secretary relative to the long promised Ordnance Survey and Map of London, and the projected encroachment upon the carriage-way of Lincoln's Inn-fields. On the first subject, it appeared that, the estimated expense of a Metropolitan Survey having exceeded his anticipations, Sir Robert Peel had been deterred from introducing a Bill for the object. The amount of the Ordnance estimate was not stated; and, from the discussion which ensued, several members of the society seemed of opinion that the expense of a comprehensive survey for public use could not well exceed that which had actually been incurred within the last six months, in the numerous local surveys in the neighbourhood of the metropolis by railroad companies. The whole of these surveys would have been unnecessary if an Ordnance Map of London, with contour lines, had existed on a scale of 5 feet to the mile, and the Board of Trade would have had a simple means of testing both the correctness and expediency of the various plans submitted to them for railroad lines with new termini in the metropolis. On the subject of the projected encroachment on the carriage-way in Lincoln's Inn-fields, for the purpose of insulating the new law courts, the Earl of Lincoln had satisfactory reasons for believing that the project had been definitely abandoned. Various drawings were laid on the table, embodying the suggestions of Mr. Laxton, Mr. Austin, and other gentlemen, for removing the defects of the Government plan for an embankment of the Thames between Westminster and Blackfriars bridges. The Government plan had been postponed, and might ultimately be given up; but it appeared possible to obviate the objections made to it, and it was determined to seek an interview with the Earl of Lincoln, to submit for his consideration the improvements required.

Electric Clocks.—The following extract from a letter from Mr. Finlaison, of Loughton Hall, appears in the *Polytechnic Review*:—"Mr. Brain has succeeded to admiration in working electric clocks by the currents of the earth. On the 28th of August he set up a small clock in my drawing-room, the pendulum of which is in the hall and both instruments in a voltaic circuit as follows:—On the N.E. side of my house two zinc plates, a foot square, are sunk in a hole, and suspended to a wire: this is passed through the house, to the pendulum first, and then the clock. On the S.E. side of the house, at a distance of about forty yards, a hole was dug four feet deep, and two sacks of common coke buried in it; among the coke another wire was secured, and passed in at the drawing-room window, and joined to the former wire at the clock. The ball of the pendulum weighs nine pounds, but it was moved energetically, and has ever since continued to do so with the self-same energy. The time is to perfection, and the cost of the motive power was only 7s. 6d. There are but three little wheels in the clock, and neither weights nor spring; so there is nothing to be wound up."

The Bell for York Minster.—The bell, intended to be put up in the South Tower of York Minster, has recently been manufactured at the foundry of the Messrs. Mears, Whitechapel, it being larger than any other in the United Kingdom. Its weight exceeds 12 tons; it is 7 feet 7 inches in height, and its diameter is 8 feet 4 inches, being heavier by 7 tons than the celebrated "Tom" of Lincoln, and by 5 tons than "Old Tom" of Oxford. The metal took 12 days to cool, from the 18th of January, when it was poured into the mould, to the 30th ult. The clapper is not yet put in, but this will weigh between 3 and 4 cwt. The cost of it is about 2,000l., raised by voluntary subscription.

The *Java Journals* furnish distressing details of the destruction occasioned by the fall of a mountain.

Seventy houses and one hundred and seven persons in one district,—and sixty houses, forty-seven granaries containing the rice produce, and four persons, have been overwhelmed, in another; and twenty-eight thousand coffee-trees have perished by the disaster.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—E. J. L.—Rusticus—P.—received.

Erratum.—In the hurry of writing, we were led, last week, into an error of fact, assigning the passing of the Roman Catholic Emancipation Bill to the reign of King William. The measure is so much more in the spirit of that monarch's mind, and of the general policy which prevailed during his sway than in those of his predecessor, that it will be intelligible enough to our readers how we were, at the moment, betrayed into the error.

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Printed by JAMES HOLMES, of No. 4, New Ormond-street, in the
county of Middlesex, printer, at his office No. 4, Took's Court,
Chancery-lane, in the parish of St. Andrew, in the said county, at
published by JOHN T. BAXTER, of No. 14, Wellington-street North,
in the said county, Publisher, at No. 14, in Wellington-street North,
said; and sold by all Booksellers and News-vendors, at
SCOTLAND, Messrs. Bell & Bradburn, Edinburgh; for IRELAND,
J. Cumming, Dublin.—Saturday, February 15, 1845.